


Bush Ballads

GUY EDEN



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BUSH BALLADS

AND OTHER VERSES.

GUY EDEN



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LONDON



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BUSH BALLADS
AND OTHER VERSES.

941943

SEVERAL of the verses in this Volume have already appeared—some in "VANITY FAIR," and "BAILY'S MAGAZINE," others in "THE BULLETIN" (Sydney). I am much indebted to the Proprietors of these publications for their courtesy in allowing me to add them to this collection.

G. E.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE LAGOON	I
<i>"Far away out in a hollow, lying low between the ranges."</i>	
THE OLD GREY MARE... ..	4
<i>"It was once a year only it happened."</i>	
CAMP FIRE MUSINGS	13
<i>"The camp fire plays upon the trees."</i>	
KING BILLY	16
<i>"Clad in the civilised rags of humanity."</i>	
BIRALLA STATION BALL	18
<i>"There was laughter in the stable yard, and in the shanty bar."</i>	
THE MAN WHO CAME TO BURRAMBEIT	22
<i>"His eyes were blue, his skin was white."</i>	
COORAMINTA	29
<i>"Out on Cooraminta Station."</i>	
IN THE GARDEN... ..	33
<i>"You lay in your chair on that bright summer day."</i>	

	PAGE
BUSH MEMORIES	34
<i>"Ridden a bit! I should think I had."</i>	
THE COVE THAT HELD THE ACE	37
<i>"I loved him as a brother, which was as it ought to be."</i>	
THE HUT	45
<i>"A little lone hut in the valley lies."</i>	
THE WATER BELLOW	48
<i>"Twenty miles to travel."</i>	
THE MISSING PAGE	54
<i>"He was just a plain sundowner, as he told me with a sigh."</i>	
THE LAND OF THE DAWNING	58
<i>"Far out to the West as the mists of the morning."</i>	
A BUSH CONVERSATION	60
<i>"Jim lightly rests upon his axe."</i>	
CARBINE	62
<i>"Oh, yes, he has gone and left us, he was wanted across the sea."</i>	
THE BRAIDWOOD COACH	68
<i>"Now all aboard, my sonnies, for the time is slipping past."</i>	
ARALUEN VALLEY	73
<i>"The sun is sinking low behind the purple-tinted hills."</i>	
TOMMY CLARKE	76
<i>"The mare was lost there was no mistaking."</i>	

CONTENTS.

vii.

	PAGE
OUR SYDNEY HARBOUR	82
<i>"We were seated there together and were talking of the weather."</i>	
WHERE THE STARS ARE SHINING	88
<i>"The western breeze is sighing in a whisper soft and low."</i>	
WHAT A LIFE	90
<i>"Rising early with the dawn."</i>	
VICTOR TRUMPER	93
<i>"There's a gentleman I'd spake of, Victor Trumper is his name."</i>	
THE BUSHMAN'S "HOME"	96
<i>"I've a dreamy sort of notion that away across the ocean."</i>	
THE MOUSMEE	99
<i>"She was standing 'neath the palm tree."</i>	
THE SOUTHERN CROSS... ..	101
<i>"The shadows of night fell around me."</i>	
HOW GEE	103
<i>"'Twas a heathen Chinee, which his name was How Gee."</i>	
THE SUNDOWNER	108
<i>"Aye, old man, times have changed since we parted."</i>	
A BRUSH WITH THE BLACKS	111
<i>"Another shepherd murdered, it's the fifth that we have lost."</i>	
THROUGH THE SMOKE HAZE	116
<i>"With pipe in mouth in an armchair sitting."</i>	

	PAGE
MIST ON THE RIVER	119
<i>"Mist on the river, silent, dank and chill."</i>	
THEN—AND NOW-	120
<i>"Will you e'er forgive me, Molly."</i>	
THE YOUNGER SON	127
<i>"Only a younger scion."</i>	
THE STOCKRIDER	130
<i>"Long and lean and wiry."</i>	
SAD IS THE LIFE	134
<i>"Sad is the life that has sped its way."</i>	
THE BANK MANAGER	135
<i>"At last I've got promotion."</i>	
BUSH BRED	140
<i>"You may talk about the horses that are found on racing courses."</i>	
A SERENADE	143
<i>"Can'st thou not tell that I am waiting."</i>	
THE SELECTION	144
<i>"I suppose I've no grounds for dejection."</i>	
THE COVE AS WEARS A BEARD	147
<i>"There's an absent-minded beggar, Tommy Atkins is his name."</i>	
THE CALL OF THE BUSH	150
<i>"There's a homestead sleeping softly in the shadow of the hill."</i>	

BUSH BALLADS

THE LAGOON.

I.

FAR away out in a hollow, lying low between the
ranges
With its cool and quiet surface glinting brightly
'neath the moon;
Undisturbed by all around it, knowing naught of time
and changes
In a long unbroken slumber, lies the silent deep lagoon.

II.

Undisturbed, aye, save when wakened by the lonely
curlew's calling
To her mate amid the brushwood on the near low-
lying shore,
Or when startled into ripples, by some dead branch
loudly falling,
Or the soft caressing pinions of the wild duck winging
o'er.

III.

And the dark scrub all around it, seems to have it in
its keeping,
And to guard it like a rampart from the lust of human
ken,
Whilst the tender maiden hair smiles down in pity
o'er its sleeping,
And the ranges frown defiance at the rude approach
of men.

IV.

As I stand upon its lonely bank, my thoughts fly back
in wonder,
To the city's mighty harbour, where the steamers
come and go,
And I seem to hear the hissing of the waters, and the
thunder
Of the hurried rush of transit ever plying to and fro.

V.

And to gild the silver moonlight, I can see the lurid
gleaming
Of the lights from countless windows on the harbour's
crowded shore,
And above the scrub's deep silence, and the calm
lagoon's sweet dreaming
I but seem to hear the echo of a city's mighty roar.

VI.

And I think of all the thousands in that eager city
fretting
For the glory and the "pride of place" of which the
poet sings,
All the sweetness of their being, and of simple joys
forgetting
In the bitterness of conflict that the march of Progress
brings.

VII.

And I wonder whether some day, in the rush of new
endeavour,
Men will find this lonely hollow, and for all time here
abide,
Will the silence of the ranges, and the bush be lost
for ever?
Will a thousand tawdry villas mar the scornful
mountain side?

VIII.

Nay, I know not what the myst'ry of the future may
be bringing,
But I pray that I may ever find my lonely dear
lagoon
Lulled to slumber by the music of the breezes softly
singing,
'Midst the silence of the ranges, 'neath the silver-
tinted moon.

THE OLD GREY MARE.

(An episode of the Moruya Agricultural Show).

I.

It was once a year only it happened
So, you bet, we rolled up to a man
As we'd done, leastways those who'd been able,
From the time that the Show first began—
And the prize that we most of us fancied
Was the great massive fifty quid cup,
With the blue ribbon, given for jumping,
"To all comers—any weight up."

II.

So we most of us brought a nag with us
And entered him there on the spot,
But I tell you the jump was a caution
And made you feel sticky and hot
As you glanced at the post and the railings,
And you seemed to be dimly aware
It were best for your health not to clout it,
For a clout meant the signal for prayer!

III.

When the judging of hackneys was done with,
Like a flash we all scurried away,
To where a great crowd had assembled,
To see the event of the day ;
There were men from the snowy Monaro,
From Cooma and Jembaicumbene,
From Bega, Bodalla and Braidwood,
Such a gathering never was seen !

IV.

Then they all to a man backed their fancy,
But you'll guess just the words that were used
As horse after horse faced the panels,
And one, then another, refused !
For the jump was a snorter, I tell you,
And even the gelding from Brou,
A devil to jump—came a purler
And saved his neck, heaven knows how !

V.

But the men from Monaro looked happy,
And winked at their mates standing by,
For the chestnut, the pick of their basket,
Had not up to now had a try ;
For the chestnut was just a real "lepper,"
A marvel of sinew and grace,
And they boast, there's no jump in the country
That the pride of Monaro won't face ?

VI.

How they shouted, as hard he came at it,
For they thought in their innocent way,
That he'd simply knock spots off the others,
As he'd done now for many a day !
But their yelling was soon turned to curses,
For their darlin' who never could fail,
Like the others was not "taking any,"
And his rider alone cleared the rail !

VII.

Then a silence fell over the party,
And over the rest of the crowd,
Till some one at length put the question
In tones both emphatic and loud,
"Is there nary a jumper amongst us ?
Is there ne'er a man game to get up
And put *somethin* over them railins,
For the glory and pride o' the cup ?"

VIII.

He had scarcely done speaking when straightway
From out thro' the crowd pressed his way,
A cove on a broken down pony,
A pony both ancient and grey.
And the silence that held all the party,
Gave way to loud laughter instead,
And they cried, "What, *that* moke jump the panels ?
"It's time *she* was home and was dead !"

IX.

Then the cove on that pony looked angry,
And laid on the whip thick and hot,
As his mount ambled down to the panels,
At a pace you could scarce call a trot,
And the crowd looking on rocked with laughter,
They laughed, till you thought they must weep,
As the grey put her head on the railings,
And sighing—went softly to sleep!

X.

The chaffing and jokes that then followed
Were varied and quaint in degree,
But the rage of the cove as he sat there,
Was something quite painful to see!
He tugged and he hauled at the bridle,
While chaffing flew freely around!
But the pony was tired I fancy,
And slept through it all safe and sound.

XI.

Then the crowd began putting rude questions
And asking what next he would do,
When a voice from behind was heard shouting,
And begging for room to get through;
“Let me pass,” came in accents imploring,
“That’s my pal! my ole pal, can’t you see?”
“Let me through! oh don’t hinder me sonnies,
“We’ve bin pals for long years her and me!”

XII.

And the crowd slowly parted in wonder,
As pushing and elbowing through,
Came Billy Malone of the "Dingo,"
Old Billy, whom every one knew ;
A rouseabout hand at the stables,
Who'd been there for many a day,
But where before that he had come from,
There wasn't a man who could say !

XIII.

When at last he came out in the open
He paused for a while out o' breath
And the crowd looking on saw with wonder,
His cheeks had grown paler than death :
He paused and he gazed at the pony
Whilst none in the crowd moved or spoke,
Then he smiled as he gave a low whistle,
And the mare, with a shiver, awoke !

XIV.

She woke, and then seemed to be waiting
For something her soul longed to hear ;
Whilst Billy, his lip all a-quiver
And, dashing aside a stray tear,
Called out in a voice scarce a whisper :
" Here, Moll, don't yer know yer ole pal ?
Is the past and its memories faded ;
Won't yer come to me ? *won't* yer, ole gal ? "

XV.

She went to him! Lor, I can tell you
It made us feel choky and weak
To hear the soft whinny she uttered!
She'd have given her soul then to speak!
She made just one spring to the old man
(No need then of whip or of spurs),
And she shivered and crooned as old Billy
Pressed his tear-laden cheek against hers!

XVI.

When the first of his transports were over
Old Billy then turned to the crowd,
And, clasping the neck of the pony,
He spake in a voice clear and loud:
"You can guess what I'm feelin' to-day, boys,
For years we've bin pals, her and me!
But we parted—no matter the reason—
And now we're together, yer see.

XVII.

"For nine years—or was it just ten, lass?
Our joys and our sorrers we shared!
And if luck *did* run 'ard agin us,
Do yer think for a moment we cared?
We'd each got the other, yer see, boys,
Whatever the work we'd to do—
Oh! it's wonderful how things grow easy
When shared with a pal staunch and true,

XVIII.

"That's right, for we're told by the Preacher
(Oh! I've read just a bit in my day!)
When a man has a pal to stand by him
It takes half the sorer away!
Aye, it's true, for she's never yet failed me
When out on the ranges we've been
Day and night! Lor, the yarns I could tell yer
Of things that we've done, and we've seen!

XIX.

"And the gallops we've had after cattle,
And the gullies we've crossed, and the climbs
Up and down the steep passes, I tell yer,
Now I'm old, I fair shiver at times
To think o' the pluck of that pony,
And the jumps that she'd fly like a bird,
Why, there wasn't a nag in the country
Could touch her, I give yer *my* word!

XX.

"Why, she'd jump"—then his lip seemed to quiver,
And his eyes with excitement to glow
As he glanced at the fence and the pony,
And said in a voice hoarse and low:
"Can you guess what I'm thinking—me darlin'?
Will you let your ole pardner get up
And show there's just one jump left in us
For the glory and pride o' the cup?"

XXI.

Well of all the strange things that have happened
'Twas strangest to see that old mare
Give a neigh like a fierce battle charger,
And crack her old heels in the air;
For she knew what her partner had asked her,
And all the old spirit was up
As she answered (Lor bless yer, we heard it):
"For the glory and pride o' the cup!"

XXII.

Then the crowd gave a yell as old Billy
Climbed up on the back of the grey
(Oh! the cove that had been in the saddle
Had long before this slipped away!)
And there wasn't a man of that party
Whose heart didn't dither and bump,
As he saw those old pals in the distance
Turn round and head straight for the jump.

XXIII.

And the way those old partners came at it,
No funkng or nervousness there;
They'd lived in the days when the motto
Was ever to do and to dare!
They came at that jump and they meant it,
And the mare who'd been voted a crock,
Cleared the panels by more than six inches
Whilst old Billy sat still as a rock!

XXIV.

The cheers and excitement that followed
Were enough to have wakened the dead,
Whilst even the men from Monaro
Yelled aloud till their faces were red !
But away in a corner old Billy,
Forgetting all else that was there,
Was quietly standing and sobbing
With his arms round the neck of his mare !

XXV.

Then the crowd with a rush gathered round them,
And you should have heard the wild roar
As the kindly old "boss" of Joalla
Cried, "These two shall be parted no more,"
Then smiling he turned to old Billy
And said, "She is mine from to-day,
Will you take your old friend to Joalla ?
That's her home now—and yours if you'll stay !"

XXVI.

Ah, this happened in days long departed
For the years have come in and sped out,
But there at Joalla you'll find them
Content, as they potter about—
There's nothing on earth now to part them
Till life and its troubles are o'er,
And then in the mighty "Hereafter"
They'll meet, to be parted no more !

CAMP FIRE MUSINGS.

I.

THE camp fire plays upon the trees
In waves of warm caressin' light,
And on the mild and scented breeze
Come all the whispers of the night,
And now and then the dead leaves fall
With just a rustle soft and low,
But what's the meanin' of it all,

I dunno!

II.

From all around me I can hear
The sounds of things that live and die,
And now and then from somewhere near
The curlew's sad and hauntin' cry,
Whilst near the fire here I sprawl
With thoughts that ever come and go,
But what's the meanin' of 'em all,

I dunno!

III.

There's such a lot o' things that seem
Beyond the range of human ken,
The moon that shines, the stars that gleam,
The sun that warms the hearts o' men,
The laugh that cheers, the tears that fall,
The joys and griefs that come and go,
But what's the meanin' of 'em all,

I dunno!

IV.

One hears again and yet again
Of what a fellah ought to be,
But still it don't seem very plain
Leastways, it don't seem so to me,
I s'pose the watchword, "Duty's call!"
Should mark the road one has to go,
But what one's duty is at all,

I dunno!

V.

It's hard to mind what preachers say:
Give unto every man his due,
And always act in such a way
As you would men should act to you!
If any man with greedy lust
Tries hard to score and lay you low,
Well, ain't it right to "have" him fust?

I dunno!

VI.

I s'pose for some the path o' life
Lies smooth and easy as they tread,
For others there's the storm and strife
And dark clouds frownin' overhead;
No wonder that we trip and fall
Or at the best go very slow,
And what's the meanin' of it all,
I dunno!

VII.

The good old bush is pretty rough,
And when my spirits fade and die
I sometimes think I've had enough,
It seems no sort o' use to try;
The mornins' break, the evenins' fall,
And I—well, what have I to show?
Can man e'er dare to hope at all?
I dunno!

VIII.

And yet as on my back I lie
And watch the bright stars gleamin' there,
I fancy that beyond the sky
Must be a land where doubt and care
Have no more power to enthrall,
A land where tired spirits go
To rest in peace, forgettin' all!
I dunno!

KING BILLY.

I.

CLAD in the civilized rags of humanity,
Blear-eyed and shaggy he limps down the street,
Grinning about him with childish urbanity,
Begging of all whom he chances to meet—
Begging, but not for sound garments to cover him,
Nor for the food that he longs for you'd think,
No, for a civilized passion is over him,
All that he asks and he craves for is—drink !

II.

Yet in the days long before the white man appeared,
Here on this spot where a town was unknown,
Hunger and thirst were two things Billy never feared,
Round him was plenty, and all was his own.
All was his own, for a tribe paid their court to him,
Called him their King in those days that are past,
Subjects in scores all their loyalty brought to him,
First amongst men was he then—now—the last !

III.

Where are all they who would make such a
"bobbery,"

Roaming the bush like glad children at play ;

Where the mad whirl of the tribal "corroborree,"

Where the wild chaunt at the close of the day ?

Scattered and gone, for the world had no room for
them,

Far o'er the seas came the pitiless cry,

"Why should they live? Fate has writ large its
doom for them,

Land for the whites ! let the black fellows die ! "

IV.

"Land for the whites !" aye, the answer came
speedily,

Civilization with hot eager stride

Sweeping upon them with maw gaping greedily

Swallowed them up in their pitiful pride ;

See there the last of them, King in the days of old,

Now midst the lowest he takes the last place,

Surely some day when the story of life is told,

Angels will weep o'er the last of his race !

BIRALLA STATION BALL.

I.

There was laughter in the stable yard, and in the
shanty bar,
And laughter seemed to twinkle in the eye of every
star,
As the sound of brayin' instruments came floatin' from
the hall,
Just to tell as they was waitin' at Biralla Station Ball,
Bloomin' ball!
There was nothin' in them parts could touch Biralla
Station Ball!

II.

Round the corner comes Jim Kelly on his one-eyed
piebald mare,
And was right among us long afore we knew that he
was there,
So his pony struck Bill White and bashed him hard
agin the wall,
But bless yer, that was nothin' at Biralla Station
Ball!
Bloomin' ball!
No one cared a cuss what happened at Biralla Station
Ball!

III.

You can bet we *was* excited as we pressed into the
room,
Where the cornet loud was brayin' and the drum did
louder boom,
And our hearts began a beatin' as our eyes began to
fall
On the gals who were awaitin' at Biralla Station
Ball!

Bloomin' ball!

There *were* some spicy young 'uns at Biralla Station
Ball!

IV.

Then Jim Kelly who had just come in from tyin' up his
mare,
With noisy laugh and chuckle did amongst the lassies
stare,
And his eyes lit up with fire as he saw agin the wall
Betsy Wade, the pride and beauty of Biralla Station
Ball!

Bloomin' ball!

There was ne'er a gal like Betsy at Biralla Station
Ball.

V.

So Jim grabbed a hold of Betsy, and away they both
did dance
Long afore Joe Sykes who wanted her could get a
bloomin' chance;
While Jim Saunders with a grin lurched up and
hugged old Susie Saul
Who'd for *ages* been gavortin at Biralla Station Ball!
Bloomin' ball!
Good old yarns could Susie tell yer of Biralla Station
Ball!

VI.

The rest of us we grabbed our gals and soon were in
the swim
While the cornet player blew and sweated till his eyes
was dim,
But if he tried to stop, good lord—why wasn't there a
squall
From every dog-goned covey at Biralla Station Ball!
Bloomin' ball!
He must blow or bust who tootled at Biralla Station
Ball!

VII.

So we danced and jigged till midnight when we clean
run out o' breath
And the good old cornet player smiled the sickly smile
o' death,
The drummer gave one feeble bang then through the
drum did fall,
Which clearly meant the endin' of Biralla Station
Ball!

Bloomin' ball!

Why we almost died o' laughin' at Biralla Station
Ball!

VIII.

Then out into the road we went, and in his arms held
tight
Each one of us he clasped his gal and whispered her
"good night!"
Then on our good old gees we jumped, and shoutin'
out to all
A last farewell, we galloped from Biralla Station Ball,
Bloomin' ball!
God bless the cove who started fust Biralla Station
Ball!

THE MAN WHO CAME TO
BURRAMBEIT.

I.

His eyes were blue, his skin was white,
Though tanned his face to cruel brown,
He seemed so weak and limp and light
As from the coach they passed him down—
In short, he seemed in woeful plight
The man who came to Burrambeit.

II.

The driver gravely shook his head,
"The pore young cove is green, yer know,
I've 'eard 'im wish that e' was dead
The 'orrid sun did try 'im so!
'Is parents they ain't done wot's right
In sending '*im* to Burrambeit!"

III.

For three whole days the stranger lay,
Within the pub. shut out from view ;
He'd sent a little note to say
The bush was all so strange and new,
He hoped that they'd forgive his plight,
The kindly folk of Burrambeit.

IV.

And when at last quite pale and thin
The stranger showed upon the scene,
The good folk rushed to take him in
He seemed so very young and green—
To put the poor young stranger right,
Stirred every heart in Burrambeit.

V.

He told them he had come from town
His parents—both alas ! were dead,
But he would live his troubles down
In spite of hot suns overhead ;
In fact, he'd work with all his might
And win the praise of Burrambeit.

VI.

The kindly folk gave ear with pride
To all the stranger had to say,
It is a noble thing they cried,
That man should act in such a way,
In spite of luck to make a fight,
Appeals to us at Burrambeit !

VII.

They made him welcome to each home,
They tended him with eager zest,
They told him he was free to roam
Just as his fancy pleased him best,
In short, they made a hero quite
Of that young man in Burrambeit.

VIII.

And when the races came, they cried,
“ Now to the meeting you must go,
There’s no place round the country side
Can show the sport that *we* can show !
The best of owners we invite
To send their gees to Burrambeit ! ”

IX.

The young man laughed, and cried, "What fun!"
Oh! shan't I love to see the course;
But I shall bet before I'm done,
I know I shall, upon some horse!
His eagerness reached such a height
It made them laugh at Burrambeit.

X.

But fate, alas! proved most unkind
For ere the third race had begun,
The young man soon began to find
He could not bear the blazin' sun.
"Dear friends," he cried, "its hopeless quite,
I must return to Burrambeit!"

XI.

With falt'ring step he turned away
A tear-drop gleaming in his eye,
"Oh! what would I not give to stay,"
He quavered as he waved good-bye;
"But never mind, I'll soon be right;
Don't grieve! dear friends of Burrambeit!"

XII.

Then climbing sadly on his horse
He slowly turned and rode away,
But when some distance from the course
His manner changed, I'm bound to say,
For suddenly with all his might
He galloped back to Burrambeit !

XIII.

He rode until he came to where
The Bank lay sleeping in the sun ;
One youthful clerk alone was there,
For there was nothing to be done—
To hope for work, was useless quite
With races on at Burrambeit !

XIV.

The stranger raised his hat of felt
As quietly he entered there ;
Then taking *something* from his belt
He waved it gently in the air ;
The clerk turned pink, and green, and white
For he was new to Burrambeit !

XV.

“ Young man,” the stranger softly said,
“ You’re here alone, as I’ve been told,
So if you’d rather not be dead
Just hand me out your stock of gold ;
Your movements, too, pray expedite,
I think of leaving Burrambeit ! ”

XVI.

The clerk, all trembling, turned away
And did as he was told, of course,
And all the gold, I’m grieved to say,
Was soon upon the stranger’s horse ;
The poor clerk longed to make a fight,
But death seemed sad at Burrambeit.”

XVII.

The stranger once more softly cried :
“ I hate to be an awful bore,
But I’m afraid you must be tied
With rope, and left upon the floor ;
To find you in this sorry plight
Will soothe the wrath of Burrambeit.”

XVIII.

The stranger laughed, as, like a pig,
He rolled the clerk upon the floor,
Then, taking off his auburn wig,
He pinned it gaily to the door,
And underneath these words did write :
“ A keepsake for dear Burrambeit ! ”

XIX.

And this is true without a doubt
That if you're anxious for some fun,
Just tell those gentle folk about
The poor young cove who felt the sun !
You'll find they've not forgotten quite,
And *you'll* remember Burrambeit !

COORAMINTA.

I.

OUT on Cooraminta Station
Life is not just beer and fun,
With the ground all hot and steamy,
And above the blazing sun,
When you've scarce a soul to speak to,
And it's grind from early dawn;
Well, you sometimes sit and wonder
Why, in thunder, you've been born !

But away down in the Gully
Where the lillipillies grow,
And you hear the bell-birds singing
In a chorus sweet and low.
Somehow all else is forgotten
You don't think of grief or gloom,
For you love that scented gully
Where the wattle blossoms bloom !

II.

When all day long you've battled
'Midst the dust, and grime, and heat,
With the cattle charging round you,
And your "brumby" almost beat,
When you scarce can raise a finger,
Well, you sometimes wonder why
You don't chuck the lot and leave it
Just to crawl away and die!

But away down in the Gully
Where the lillipillies grow,
And you hear the bell-birds singing
In a chorus sweet and low.
Somehow, all else is forgotten,
You don't think of grief or gloom,
For you love that scented gully
Where the wattle blossoms bloom!

III.

It's a God-forsaken country;
Yes, quite twenty times a day
I tell myself that story,
For I've nothing else to say—
I wonder why they sent me,
For a story I could tell
How that life at Cooraminta
Is a simple blazing hell!

But away down in the Gully
Where the lillipillies grow,
And you hear the bell-birds singing
In a chorus sweet and low.
Somehow all else is forgotten,
You don't think of grief or gloom,
For you love that scented gully
Where the wattle blossoms bloom !

IV.

Now I'm back again in London,
'Midst the bustle and the din
Of a thousand clanking 'buses
As they rattle out and in,
And I watch the crowd that passes
All with faces full of care,
And somehow I seem to fancy
Life was better over there !

Far away down in the Gully
Where the lillipillies grow,
And the bell-birds are a-singing
In a chorus sweet and low.
Somehow all else is forgotten
You don't think of grief or gloom,
For you love that scented gully
Where the wattle blossoms bloom !

V.

In this city with its millions,
Life seems lonesome, sad, and grey,
And I'm longing for the hardship
Far out Cooraminta way ;
It's a God-forsaken country !
Stay at home, if you'd be wise !
But my throat seems almost choking,
And the hot tears will arise,

When I think of that dear Gully
Where the lillipillies grow,
And the bell-birds are a-singing
In a chorus sweet and low.
It's a dazing, blazing country,
And there's heaps of toil and gloom,
But, please God, at last they'll lay me
Where the wattle blossoms bloom !

IN THE GARDEN.

You lay in your chair on that bright summer day
'Midst the roses that glowed all around you,
And there, as I chanced to be passing that way,
In the shade of the garden I found you.
One lock from your sunny brown tresses had strayed,
And kissed the soft cheek of my bonny sweet maid ;
With heart wildly beating I paused, half afraid,
As you lay in your chair in the garden.

I paused, but my heart growing bolder, I came
And stood by you, no more afraid, dear,
For e'en as I watched you with pulses aflame,
A smile on your lips softly played, dear ;
I bent as I whispered, " I love you, my sweet ;
My love shall be yours till this heart fails to beat.
One word ! " but no answer mine ears came to greet
As you lay in your chair in the garden.

No answer you gave, but a meaning I guessed
From the glow in your cheeks so divine, dear,
And so, with a passionate longing, I pressed
A kiss on the lips turned to mine, dear.
A kiss ! had you known would you sigh, would you
weep ?

Aye, perchance, but the secret for ever I'll keep,
And you never will know it, for you were asleep
As you lay in your chair in the garden.

BUSH MEMORIES.

I.

RIDDEN a bit ! I should think I had,
Just look at the red scars here,
Them's made by the stirrup irons, sir,
In the course o' forty year !
I'm gettin' old, and I'm feeble now,
And I ain't much use I know,
But there was a time—don't mind me, sir,
I'm talkin' of long ago.

II.

I was younger then, and my beard as black
As an old crow's wing they say,
But there ain't much left to brag of now
And what there is, is grey ;
My eye was as bright as a tracker's then,
And there wasn't a man, I know—
(Can you see my pipe ? Oh, thank'ee, sir !
Ain't the sun gettin' *very* low ?)

III.

No doubt it was a bit lonely at times
And life hadn't got much change,
But you'd not much time for thinkin', sir,
When out on the mountain range,
With the cattle thunderin' on ahead
And your life's blood all aglow,
As you dodged a branch, and rode like hell,
In that dear old long ago.

IV.

And I mind the joy of the bright camp fire,
When the day's hard work was done,
And the merry song that the "billy" sang
And the yarns, and the jokes, and fun,
And the soothin' hush 'ere the last turn in,
And the pipe's caressin' glow,
'Neath the twinklin' warmth of the golden stars
That smiled on us long ago.

V.

Oh yes, I've bin knocked about a bit,
But that's as it ought to be,
A man can't live in the saddle, sir,
And come through the game scot free;
The fences! no, they was nothin' at all,
You pick your panel, and go
And if you was chucked, you knew how to fall
In the good days long ago.

VI.

Oh no, it wasn't the posts and rails
That laid you sore and sick,
'Twas the crawlin' home through the silent scrub
That oft-times did the trick.
When man and beast fell fast asleep,
And then—why the fust you'd know,
Was a nasty squelch as you both came down
In that rough old long ago.

VII.

I don't know, sir, but it seems to me
When you're answerin' to Life's call
That you'll come all right, if you do your best
And learn, like a man, to fall.
It's when stumblin' on with a loosened rein
That the piper you've to pay
For you trip and fall, as the crowd sweeps on,
In the race down the world's highway.

VIII.

But lor, I'm talkin' fit to bust,
Some coves are built that way,
I'm very old, so forgive me, sir,
Old men *will* talk, they say.
Forgive me, sir, for my sun is set,
But this, thank God, I know,
-What it is for a man to have lived, as I've lived
In the grand days long ago.

THE COVE THAT HELD THE ACE.

I.

I LOVED him as a brother, which was as it ought to be,
'Cos we'd been pals together since our childhood's
days you see—
We'd never had no quarrel, and the neighbours used
to say
That as friends—we'd show old David and his
Jonathan the way!

II.

I loved him as a brother, with no other thought
behind,
A more endearin' fellah 'twas impossible to find !
But that which allus fetched me warn't so much his
fancy style,
As his voice so soft and gentle, and his sweet seraphic
smile.

III.

Whenever as it happened—for with men it sometimes
do—

That a cove gets off his balance, and then raises Cain
a few,

Ole Jim had but to smile, and in a brace of shakes,
you bet,

Instead of bein' wild, I simply wallered in regret!

IV.

And so the years went by, and I can say from boy to
man,

Our friendship never altered from the time it fust
began,

No angry word was spoken, and I couldn't even frown
But good old Jim's seductive smile at once would
calm me down.

V.

It happened we'd been parted, just on eighteen months
or so

When I gets a letter from him, that sets every pulse
aglow,

'Twas to tell me he was married, and it then went on
to say

"I'll take no denyin', sonny, you've to come up here
to stay!"

VI.

In two days I was with him, and had gripped him by
the hand,
Lor, the joy it was to see him, you can easy under-
stand ;
Then he introdooed his Missus, who looked very neat
and trim,
But, of course, she was a woman, and no sort o' patch
on him !

VII.

From that time onward then it seemed that life had
just begun
As Jim and me rode off all day about the cattle run ;
And what we mostly dwelt on with a kind of wondrous
pride,
Was our long unbroken friendship in the place o' time
and tide.

VIII.

At night, too, after grub the ancient yarns we used to
spin
As we sat in the verandah, with the moonlight
streamin' in,
I can tell yer that it warmed me—its the only word to
say—
As ole Jimmy grinned and chatted in the ole seductive
way !

IX.

One evenin', I remember, we'd bin sittin' out o' doors,
When ole Jimmy bursts the silence of a long tobaccer
pause—

“ It's a long while since I've played it—not since quite
a tiny chap,
Let's go inside, me darlins, and we'll have a game of
Nap! ”

X.

So we gathers round the table with a sort o' childish
glee,
And I chuckles like a baby when the deal comes
round to me,
Oh I tell yer I felt happy with my ole pal sittin' there,
And felt that I had never known the meanin' of a
care.

XI.

So the game goes on quite happy, and I mark ole
Jimmy smile,
As his heap o' money swells up in a most amazin' pile,
I was downright glad to see it, tho' its only fair to say
That my luck was on an equal—but in quite another
way!

XII.

Well! I've seen some cussed cards, but jumpin' Scott
I never see,
Such a wicked batch o' rotters, as that evenin' fell to
me;
You can tell what I was feelin' when I say that
Jimmy's smile
Seemed to lose its sunny sweetness, and its power to
beguile.

XIII.

And all the while ole Jimmy went on smilin' more and
more
As his pile went on amassin' ever bigger than before,
Till I almost fell to thinkin', in a morbid sort of style,
That to dodge his sickly grin, I'd gladly up and run a
mile!

XIV.

Bad luck can't last for ever, and my heart began to
bound
As I gathered up a hand, and glancin' at it there I
found
Four best honours all in hearts, and how I hummed
a tuneful song
As I saw a King o' diamonds, to help the hand along!
D

XV.

Of course, I yelled out "Nap!" as you may very well
suppose,
Whilst ole Jimmy's smile expanded till it curled
around his nose.
I loved him as a brother, but that smile you under-
stand,
Made me wonder, sort o' playful, how he'd like my
sultry hand.

XVI.

The first four tricks I collared, just as easy as you
please,
With Ace, King, Queen, and Jack, o' course, its
simply shellin' peas;
A moment's pause, and then the King slipped out with
airy grace,
Ole Jimmy gently coughs as on my King he planks the
Ace!

XVII.

I don't quite know what happened, for I then grew
ravin' mad
And flingin' on the carpet, all the counters that I
had
Proceeded to use language that I'd never used before—
Till Missus Jim gave one wild yell, and legged it for
the door!

XVIII.

I kinder laughed ironical as then I turned to Jim,
And straightway made it obvious the views I held on
him,
I sneered at all his garments, at his voice and vulgar
style
With particular alloosion to his most disgustin' smile!

XIX.

I told him that his homestead wasn't fit to house a
dog,
That his best horse galloped slower than a man could
kick a log ;
That his cattle were such skeletons, however much he
tried,
They'd never fetch a bloomin' bob except as horns
and hide!

XX.

I told him that his fences were all broke and gone to
pot,
I mentioned that his sheep were dead, or dyin' of the
rot,
I told him with a sneerin' laugh, that what he called
his land
Was nothing but a wilderness of chunks of rock and
sand.

XXI.

In short I told him everything that pleased my fancy's
whim,
And when I paused clean out o' breath and stood
there pale and grim
The beggar simply smiles, and with his gentle little
cough,
Says "Sonny, you'd best git to bed, and try to sleep
it off!"

XXII.

Next mornin' when I woke—great Scott, I seem to
quiver yet,
With that first shock o' penitence and sickly wild
regret,
And when I comes to breakfast, and I pauses at the
door
Heonly grins quite gentle, as he grips me by the paw.

XXIII.

I loved him as a brother, that's as true as true can be,
There ain't no sort o' fellah that's one half such pals
wi' me.
But this I murmurs sadly, with the blush upon my
face,
It takes a bloomin' saint to love the cove that holds
the Ace!

THE HUT.

I.

A LITTLE lone hut in the valley lies
Battered and old and grey,
And the traveller gazes with wond'ring eyes
As he chances to pass that way—
For the winds sing loud thro' the gaping wall,
And the rains thro' the broken roof trees fall,
A desolate ruin deserted by all,
That little lone hut in the valley !

II.

But perchance that lone hut might a tale unfold
That would interest the passer by,
A tale of the rollicking days of old
When the hopes of the world ran high—
When the hillside rang to the sounds of toil
Of the thousands who delved at the golden soil,
And there in the heart of that land of spoil
The little lone hut in the valley !

III.

Where are all they who with laugh and song
In those magical days of old,
Dwelt here in the midst of that surging throng,
In the search for the shining gold—
Did they make their pile and then speed away
To the welcoming call of some city gay,
Unheeding the home of an earlier day,
That little lone hut in the valley?

IV.

Did they make their pile? it might well be so
'Twas a well-known story then
How the stream of fate with a sudden flow
Poured gold in the laps o' men;
And a heart bowed down with the day begun,
Oft glowed with joy at the setting sun—
And it tells perchance of a victory won
That little lone hut in the valley!

V.

But another tale the lone hut might tell
Of failure in days gone by,
Of the men who strove, aye, and strove right well,
Of hopes that were doomed to die;

Does the golden wattle softly wave
O'er some broken hearts in a nameless grave,
With nought to tell of their story—save
That little lone hut in the valley ?

VI.

The story of life is wondrous strange
'Twas then as it is to-day,
And there's nought to tell midst the ceaseless change,
Of those men who have passed away.
But a ruin stands midst the shadows drear
A desolate sign of a by-gone year,
Let the traveller mark with a silent tear
That little lone hut in the valley !

THE WATER BELLOW.

(The following is a rough versification of an incident admirably described in Mr. George Rankin's book "Windabyne.")

I.

TWENTY miles to travel
Through tangled scrub and rock
Twenty miles to travel
And mostly all the stock,
Composed of sickly heifers
With sickly calves at heel,
Well, sonny, you can fancy
Exactly how I feel!

II.

Twenty miles to travel!
I'd call it easy quite
If we could camp till ev'ning
And take the road at night.
But in this rocky country
One has to go by day,
And guard the beasts at night-time
Or else they're bound to stray.

III.

Yes, now they're going nicely
I wish that it would last,
But out across the sandhills
The sun is rising fast,
The heat will soon be awful
The dust be something worse,
And added to our troubles
The want o' water curse!

IV.

Just mark those weary heifers
And note their heaving flanks,
We'll have a job, my sonny,
To keep them in the ranks;
And look, too, at the leaders
Observe their artful knack
Of stringing out for water,
Just turn and ride them back!

V.

Ah! now you know what heat is,
The sun's just blazing down,
You'll have a yarn to tell 'em
When you get back to town,

Of how with cattle dying
You, in your manhood strong,
Just proudly rode among 'em
And flogged the brutes along !

VI.

Yes—flogged 'em! Lord, its awful,
And makes me sick with shame,
I mean to chuck it, sonny,
And you can do the same—
We'll follow them on foot, lad,
And see what we can do
By driving them with branches,
Perchance we'll get them through.

VII.

Perchance we'll get them through, lad,
Well, we can only try,
But half of them look ready
To settle down and die—
Ah! see that brindled heifer
Just give your whip free play,
She's down—but has the cunning
To try to slip away!

VIII.

Another mile—Good heavens!
Why what is that I hear?
Yes—there it is again, lad,
Like music on the sea;
The “water bellow,” sonny,
As sure as eggs is eggs,
D’ye see that stumbling heifer
Rise up upon her legs.

IX.

Just listen to the crooning
That’s passing thro’ the ranks,
D’ye see their eyeballs flaming,
D’ye note their heaving flanks,
The leaders in the vanguard
Have passed the word along,
They sniff the water, sonny,
And that’s their joyful song.

X.

Great Scott, it acts like magic,
They’re going at the run,
We’ll have to ride like blazes
And see what can be done

To steady them a trifle,
Or else it will be found
That in the mad confusion
Some hundreds will be drowned.

XI.

Too late! they're mad for water
And nought can hold them back,
You needn't fuss or worry
To make your stock whip crack,
They mean to get there, sonny,
Despite what we can do,
So we must sit and pray, lad,
That half come safely through!

XII.

D'ye see the water seething,
As in the leaders burst,
It must be simply gorgeous
To quench so great a thirst!
Just listen to their roaring,
The gruntings and the din,
Let's pray they'll finish, sonny,
Before the calves get in.

XIII.

Hurrah ! they're crawling out, lad,
The calves can have their turn.
Ah ! there they go, my sonny,
See how the waters churn,
Thank God, the danger's over
And on the other side
We'll muster without losing
A single bloomin' hide !

XIV.

Well, now you see what happens
And know the sort o' job
A man has got to tackle
When trav'lling with a mob ;
Phew ! pass the 'bacca, sonny,
The sun is dropping down ;
Gad, there's a yarn to tell 'em
When you get back to town !

THE MISSING PAGE.

I.

HE was just a plain sundowner, as he told me with a sigh;
Just a humble sort o' cove whose only longing was to die,
For the world had used him "crool," and despite his honest worth
He'd had nothin' but misfortune from the moment of his birth.

II.

"Aye, it's true," he sadly muttered, as he looked into the blaze,
With a world of hopeless longing in his melancholy gaze.
"Life's bin wery, wery 'ard and struck me every kind of blow,
Me, a simple child o' natur, with a 'eart as white as snow.

III.

"Why, at school I never reely 'ad a proper chance to learn,
Tho' for simple heddication, as a kid I used to yearn,
But the luck was all agin me, for one cold and wintry day
Without askin' of me pardon they just 'ustled me away.

IV.

“Aye, I sometimes simply shudders when I thinks of
what they did,
Fancy sackin’ me—a hinfant—just a teeny little kid !
What ? oh, yes, there *was* a reason, but hexcuse me,
Mr. Brown,
There’s a page in ev’ry ’istory, Sir, what ’as to be
turned down.

V.

“Then, agin, when I grew older—just a lad o’ simple
worth—
By the parson’s kind hendeavours in a Bank I found a
berth ;
I remained there ’alf a week, and tho’ the horful truth
you’ll doubt,
Without askin’ of me wishes, they just took and
bunked me out ?

VI.

“I can ’ardly bear to think o’ shameful conduc’ such
as theirs ;
Fancy bunkin’ *me*, a simple, kindly youth, quite
unawares.
What ? oh, yes, there *was* a reason, but me feelin’s I
must drown,
There’s a page in ev’ry ’istory, Sir, what ’as to be
turned down.

VII.

“ Later on, I joined the colours, as a soldier of the
Queen,
And as luck some 'ow would 'ave it, I was boss o' the
canteen,
Well, you 'ardly would believe it, tho' you read it in a
book,
When I tell you that one evening I was told to sling
me 'ook!

VIII.

“ Sling me 'ook! it did surprise me, for you'd think
that glad they'd be
To discover a recruity o' the stamp o' man as me!
But they wasn't—what? the reason—well, hexcuse
me, Mr. Brown,
There's a page in ev'ry 'istory, Sir, what 'as to be
turned down.

IX.

“ Then I come to the conclooosion it was better for to
roam,
So I left the crool country that I used to call me 'ome,
And I wandered to Horstralia, but I'm sure, Sir, you'll
agree
That this ain't the sort o' country where a white man
ought to be.

X.

"Why, I 'adn't bin 'ere longer than I think about a week
When I 'umped my swag and started off, my livelihood
to seek,
And, with talents such as mine, Sir, you can easy rest
assured
That I'd scarcely come up country, when a billet was
secured.

XI.

"It was lookin' after cattle, brandin' 'ere, and brandin'
there,
And I tended to me dooties, with the most surprisin'
care,
For I allus 'ad the hinterests of me master well in
2" 's mind,
And I branded with 'is letters, all the cattle I could
find.

XII.

"That was five long years ago, Sir, tho' it seems to
me like ten;
I've bin livin' in the huttermost secloosin, Sir, since
then.
What? you ask where I've bin livin'; well, hexcuse
me, Mr. Brown,
There's a page in ev'ry 'istory, Sir, what 'as to be
turned down."

THE LAND OF THE DAWNING.

I.

FAR out to the West as the mists of the morning
Float lazily past o'er the tremulous sea,
The billow kissed strand of the Land of the Dawning
Looms out like a shadow, away on our lee.
The sea birds, with tireless pinions, are winging
Their merry toned flight o'er the murmuring foam,
Whilst the wind from the west in soft chorus is
singing
A message of gladness to welcome me home.

II.

Dark Land of the Dawning, what stories of wonder
Come back to our thoughts, as we view your lone
shore;
What memories sad, of high hopes rent asunder,
Of dreams that have faded to waken no more;
For written in blood is the pitiful story
Of those who have striven your myst'ries to show.
Aye, striven and fallen and died, but the glory
Of deeds such as theirs, would to God I could know!

III.

For strong in their purpose with hearts proudly
beating,
Through sinister ways where no mortal had trod,

They toiled 'neath the rays of a sun fiercely beating
With pride in their manhood, and trust in their God ;
Alone 'neath the blue of a sky opalescent
They journeyed o'er wastes that your bosom enshrine ,
The darkness and toil of a merciless Present
Forgotten in dreams of a Future sublime.

IV.

And oh ! with what rapture our pulses are thrilling
As softly there floats o'er the zephyr kissed sea,
The death chaunt of those who, their duty fulfilling,
Have passed to the Land where their souls longed
to be !

Fair Land of the Dawning, your arms are extended
To welcome the children who come to your shore,
And sweet is your message, so clear and so splendid :
“ Be worthy and strong as your fathers of yore.”

V.

“ Be worthy and strong, never pausing or shrinking,
With eyes looking backward, the victory half won.
But onward and upward with energy burning
To triumph at last, when your labours are done ! ”
Aye, such is the message, the winds of the morning
Sing low to our ears o'er the tremulous sea,
As golden with promise, the Land of the Dawning,
Glows fair in the sunshine now close on our lee.

A BUSH CONVERSATION.

I.

JIM lightly rests upon his axe
As close at hand he hears a sound.
Then mopping up his heated brow,
With languid gaze he turns around ;
'Twas Tim, the stockman, standing by,
"Good morning," grunts old Jim to Tim ;
The other slowly shifts his pipe,
And grunts, in answer, "Mornin', Jim."

II.

Then Tim, the stockman, looks around,
And gazes long on tree and sky,
Jim, likewise, throws his eyes aloft,
And gently heaves a tired sigh ;
Tim pauses in his wayward gaze,
And rests his eyes upon one spot—
"It's bloomin' 'ot," he says to Jim ;
Says Jim, in answer, "Bloomin' 'ot !"

III.

A magpie chatters in a tree,
A horse-fly comes to buzz around,
Tim's mare just whisks an angry tail,
The horse-fly sinks upon the ground ;
"Woa, mare !" says Tim, and, then to Jim
"The fly's a worrit, Jim," he said.
Jim gurgles back a slow reply
"It won't no more—it's bloomin' dead !"

IV.

The sun climbs slowly up the sky
As Tim sits there and idly waits ;
Jim once more heaves a gentle sigh,
And thoughtfully expectorates ;
Tim gently prods the sleepy mare,
Who vaguely wonders what is wrong ;
"So long," comes floating on the air,
An echo answers back, "So long !"

CARBINE.

I.

OH, yes, he has gone and left us, he was wanted across
the sea,
So they took and they shipped him over, though 'tain't
for the likes o' me
To grumble because he left us, or why, or when, or
how,
He was wanted, that's all about it, and he's living in
England now.

II.

But, Sir, it's the truth I'm speaking, and I say it as
man to man,
That ne'er in the history o' racing, from the days since
racing began
Has there been such a horse, such a darling, the pride
o' the track, you may say,
And the people, Lor' sakes, how they loved him, as
love him they do to-day.

III.

It wasn't his looks or temper, though they were the
best you'd find ;
It wasn't because, when racing, the others soon dropped
behind.
Oh! no, 'twas his grit that took 'em, for they knew
just how 't would be,
Whatever the weight he carried, he'd gallop his best,
you see.

IV.

His best! and that best was something that would
make your pulses stir.

Oh! it wasn't because of flogging, it wasn't because
of spur;

You could hang your whip on the rack, Sir, and let
the rowels rust,

And without 'em the field behind you wouldn't see his
heels for dust.

V.

Well, what was the race I'd mention as being the best
he ran?

That's easy enough, I reckon, for there's never a living
man

That witnessed the race with Marvel, who wouldn't
agree with me,

That *that* was the grandest gallop a cove could live to
see.

VI.

For Marvel had beat us once, Sir, and on that very
day,

And how we expressed our feelings I hardly like to
say,

But the black horse beat us squarely, no matter why
or how,

For it's not that race, but the other, I'd like to talk of
now.

VII.

Yes, it's the second race I'd speak of, when like two
knights of yore,
These heroes faced the music to battle it out once
more,
And the cheers that rose to greet 'em, well, I hardly
like to say,
For I've got no words to tell you of all that befell that
day.

VIII.

But to see old Carbine crawling and slouching up
the course,
Why, they almost had to push him and shove him
along by force,
He seemed so limp and lazy, whilst his old eyes
seemed to say:
"For goodness sake don't flurry, I'll get to the post
some day."

IX.

And then, when they reached the starter, and the word
went forth to go,
You'd have laughed to have seen the old 'un, like an
arrow from a bow,
Whip round and stretch out like blazes, two lengths
to the good or more,
Till his jock took a pull to remind him of the journey
they had in store.

X.

Well, they soon dropped back to a canter, a walk you
might almost say,
As they lolloped along together in a friendly sort o'
way,
And so past the post they travelled, the black horse
flecked with foam
With the old 'un close behind him, as they started the
round for home.

XI.

On, on past Cutts and Oxenham's, still keeping the
same slow pace,
A crawlin' match to the far side, you could hardly
call it a race,
The black horse reefing and pulling, and the old 'un
calm and grim
As he lolloped along quite happy, for the pace made
no odds to him.

XII.

But there wasn't a man or woman of all that surging
crowd
Whose heart wasn't almost bursting, who couldn't
have cried aloud,
"For God's sake gallop, this crawling is more than I
can bear,"
Aye, that was the prayer that echoed from the heart of
each watcher there.

XIII.

On, on to the bend they travelled, still cantering,
nothing more,
When the crowd gave a yell that echoed far out to the
Coogee shore,
As up from the heels of Marvel a cloud of dust rose
fast,
A cloud from the heels of Carbine, the race had begun
at last !

XIV.

And the crowd fairly shook with frenzy, as into the
straight they came,
The black horse still leading a length, lor' sakes, he
was good and game.
And the pace that he set was a cracker, a wonderful
sight to see,
And to think any other could hold him—well, that's
what fair dazzled me.

XV.

But the old 'un, well he was a hero, a galloper true
and grand,
And there wasn't a horse to touch him in any sort o'
land,
Aye, the black horse knew it I tell you, as through eye
of mist he spied
The old 'un slowly gaining with that terrible, deathless
stride.

XVI.

"Marvel wins!" The old horse can't catch him!

"Marvel wins!" was the frenzied cry,

"The old 'un can never hold him, it's no sort of use to try."

"Marvel wins!" Just hear how his jockey is making the whalebone crack,

"Marvel wins!" "No, by God, see old Carbine, he's pulling the black horse back!"

XVII.

Aye, Marvel, the old 'un's got you, you're level again once more,

Lay down to it gallant racer as you never have done before,

A struggle, a sob, a shiver, and the black horse falls back—done,

Whilst the old 'un romps home a winner, and that's how the race was won!

XVIII.

And the crowd—well they went quite crazy, for they laughed and sang and cried,

And there wasn't a soul amongst 'em who wouldn't have gladly died

That day for love of the old 'un, the joy of their hearts, their crack,

The horse that had never failed them, the pride o' the racing track!

THE BRAIDWOOD COACH.

I.

Now all aboard, my sonnies, for the time is slipping
past,
We've got to make ten miles before the dawn,
Our team's a spankin' good 'un, but they've never gone
so fast
As they must make the pace this blessed morn !
Just let that buckle out a hole ! that's right—now
mind your eye,
Or Thunderclap will catch you on the shin !
Are all the mail bags snug ? Right oh ! woa Dingo !
Narrabri !
Now, gentlemen, if *you* please—tumble in !
Then woa, steady woa ! Now, let the beauties
go—
They know what they've to do before the
dawning ;
And the journey aint all clover, for the creek is runnin'
over,
And we're bound to reach Moruya in the mornin'.

II.

Just pass this rug across your knees and hitch it on
the rail,
You'll find the air, sir, pretty cold and chill,
We can't pull up and light a fire when carryin' the
mail,
We've got to freeze and bear it sittin' still !
Yes, dark it is, and some might find it difficult to
steer,
For where the corners come its hard to tell,
But I've been drivin' here, sir, some where close on
twenty year,
And I'd follow this old bush track by the smell !
Then woa, steady woa ! just hear the beauties
go,
All danger or fatigue they're simply scornin',
And no matter what the weather—you can bet they'll
pull together
And will land us in Moruya in the mornin' !

III.

I met a bound'ry rider just afore we started out
Who told me that the creek is rising fast,
I've crossed it flooded over, must be twenty times
about,
And always prayed each time would be the last !

The water rushes onward in a swirl of crested foam,
Full three foot deep when taken at the flood,
And landed in the middle—well—you somehow sigh
for home
When buried to the axles deep in mud !
Then woa, steady woa ! Just see the beauties
go,
They know that soon will come the golden
dawnin',
But if pluck and nerve can do it—you can bet they'll
see us through it
And will land us in Moruya in the mornin' !

IV.

Just look how old Red Rover, like a young unbroken
colt,
Lays down to it at whisper of his name,
I tell you he's a good 'un—My Colonial, what a jolt !
Oh no, sir, don't be sorry that you came !
Hurrah ! the dawn is breakin' ! now the gum trees you
can see
Like spectres tall and grim on either hand—
Let's reach the creek at daylight, and I then won't
care a d——
Its a terror in the dark you understand !

Then woa, steady woa ! Just see the darlin's
go,

Old Dingo cocks his ears by way of warnin' !
Keep up your heart, my beauty, just for me and home
and duty,
And we're bound to reach Moruya in the mornin' !

V.

We're getting very near, sir, and the creek will heave
in sight,

When once we round the tea tree now in view,
Just close your eyes a moment, sir, and pray with all
your might,

That I may get the mail bags safely through—
Lay down to it, me darlin's, for the sake of Auld Lang
Syne,

Don't fail me, beauties, now we've come so far,
Another fifty yards we'll have the tea tree well in line ;
Hang on, sir, round the corner—here we are !

Then woa, steady woa ! Lord ! how the
waters flow,

See how the white foam glistens in the
dawnin',

Lord knows if we shall do it—but I'm bound to rush
'em thro' it

If we want to reach Moruya in the mornin' !

VI.

Are all you chaps inside awake? That's right, well
mind your eye,
The creek must be quite three foot deep or more,
You'd best get on the seat if you'd prefer to come
thro' dry,
The water's bound to cover all the floor—
Its neck or nothin' now, sir, for we can't afford to
shrink,
The creek gets only bigger with delay,
Hold on, sir, like blue blazes! for we're comin' to the
brink!
Now Thunderclap and Dingo show the way!
Now go, beauties, go! see how they breast
the flow
And face the stream, all danger simply
scornin';
Now Narrabri! Red Rover! one more pull! Hurrah,
we're over!!
And thank God we'll reach Moruya in the mornin'!

ARALUEN VALLEY.

I.

THE sun is sinking low behind the purple-tinted hills,
And a silence deep and heavy all the lonely valley fills.
Not a sound to break the stillness, save when now
and then you hear

The jargon of a foreign tongue that comes from some-
where near.

Not a person can you see
And you ask who can it be ?
For the valley is deserted by the miner ;
But you hear it once again
And you realize with pain,
It's the pig-tailed yellow man who comes
from China !

II.

It's hard to call to mind that in the rough old days of
yore,

There were gathered in this valley twenty thousand
men or more,

Twenty thousand jovial diggers from the east and
from the west

Come with pick and shovel there to put their fortunes
to the test—

But those times have passed away
And there's no one left to-day
Not a single white-skinned solitary miner,
And the only man you'll find
Who has cared to stay behind
Is the patient yellow man who comes from
China.

III.

Oh! the days were full of sunshine in those merry
times of old
When the hopes of men glowed brightly in the frenzied
search for gold,
And where now is calm and quiet, from that toiling
eager throng
Echoed loud the joyous laughter, and the deep full-
throated song!

But those days long since have passed,
For the gold gave out at last,
So 'twas said by ev'ry knowing Christian
miner!

Aye—perhaps the tale was true
Tho' I doubt it—so would you
If you watched the grinning yellow man
from China.

IV.

Yes, wherever you may travel, thro' the great
Australian land

You will find some scattered members of that pig-
tailed yellow band.

Ever patient, ever zealous—in a tranquil state of mind,
Quite content to cull the pickings that the white men
leave behind—

Oh! you funny yellow man

Since the hunt for gold began

You've been badgered and been bullied by
the miner,

But you wait the happy day

When you'll cart your pile away,

To the wife and brats at home in heathen
China!

TOMMY CLARKE.

I.

THE mare was lost there was no mistaking,
I'd tracked her down for full half a day,
But she baffled me quite at the Fern Tree Gully
And now it appeared, she'd got clean away !
The day was hot as the sun was raging
And I'd ridden full twenty mile or more,
But the blood mare *had* to be found—that's certain—
And I sighed as I thought of the search in store.

II.

Now at this particular time the ranges
Were not the place one would choose to be,
For apart from the cliffs and rocks and gullies,
Tommy Clarke and his gang were there you see—
And even tho' you escaped friend Tommy,
If near to his haunts by the traps you were caught,
As a "bush telegraph" you'd be roughly handled,
And it's any odds on—your shrift would be short !

III.

So I kept along the bend of the gully
And prayed my coming might not be heard,
But I feared—alas ! for the air was so quiet
That not a branch or a leaf was stirred—

But when I reached the head of the gully
I reined up my horse with a sudden shock,
For across the valley two men were lying
And sunning themselves on a sandstone rock.

IV.

Did they know I was there ? my heart grew heavy,
For I knew full well who the men must be,
But they made no sign, by word or by movement
And I prayed that they hadn't chanced to see ;
So I quickly turned with a mind to travel
By the shortest road that would take me back,
When I found myself barred by a rifle barrel
And the rasp of a voice, saying, " Bail up, Jack ! "

V.

My hands went up, as you may imagine,
As Tommy remarked (for of course 'twas he !)
" I'm sorry, ole pal, to seem to be nasty
But we've got to be mighty careful you see !
You're looking for something now I reckon,
And praps that something is Roy's blood mare."
Then he smiled, " I don't think you'll find her, sonny,
'Cos I've taken a fancy myself to the mare ! "

VI.

He dropped his gun as he spoke, and laying
His hand on the neck of my horse—says he:
“ Just turn and come back to where we’re campin’,
You’re an ole time pal that I’m glad to see,
We’ll just have a yarn for a bit together.
My pals, as you see, are close by over there,
And then you can ride back home, old sonny,”
And he grinned again—“ but *without* the mare ! ”

VII.

So we rode to the camp across the valley
And came to the road where his pals had been,
But they’d gone from the place where they’d both
 been lyin’
And there wasn’t a trace of them now to be seen—
So we lit our pipes, and we yarned together
For an hour—as out on the rocks we lay,
But I didn’t feel happy as you can fancy
And fervently longed to be miles away !

VIII.

But Tommy talked and he told the story,
Of all that had been since the first day—when
He took to the bush, and how he and his partners
Had not known a moment’s peace since then—

For the country around was alive with troopers,
There were more than a hundred—so 'twas said—
And Tommy knew what at last must happen,
They were bound to have him, alive or dead !

IX.

“ You can think what it is to be always livin’
With one ear open for every sound !
The rustle of leaves, or the creak of a saplin’
Brings your heart to your mouth, as you leap to the
ground.
To know that beneath a roof you’ll never
Again lie down without fear or dread—
For, a hole in a rock is your home for ever ;
Well, *that’s* just the joys of the life we’ve led ! ”

X.

He paused, and I saw his face was paler
As he rose and sauntered some steps away,
But he soon came back and his look was smiling,
As sitting down he went on to say,
“ But that’s as it ought to be, I reckon,
And things is equal for you and me !
You do what’s right and you don’t fear no one,
I do what’s wrong, and I pay you see !

XI.

“ But Lord ! ole pal, its hard to remember
I once was an innocent kid at school,
With a baby face, and tho’ full of spirits
A decent sort of boy as a rule.
I was clever, too, but when years were older
That cleverness soon became my curse,
For I turned my hand to cattle duffin,
And from that you soon get to somethin’ worse.

XII.

“ Ah well, there ain’t no use in complainin’
And matters has got to take their course—
I’ve chosen the road, and a bad one, sonny,
So there’s nothing left but a grim remorse.
Remorse to think that my pals out yonder
Must meet the end that is bound to be,
And worse to think that my younger brother—
My God ! you can tell what *that* means to me ? ”

XIII.

He gripped my arm in a grip of iron,
His face all drawn and as pale as death,
“ Ole pal,” he cried, “ you must grant this favour,
’Tis all I would ask with my dyin’ breath !

Just speak a word for my poor young brother,
And say, that though bad as his life may be,
One thing you can swear, and it's God's truth,
 sonny,
Of the crime of murder his soul is free.

XIV.

"Just tell me now, that when need arises
To save the boy that you'll call to mind——"
But here he paused, as a curlew's wailing
Came floating down on the western wind.
"The signal, Jack! We must ride like blazes,
You'd best clear, too—for the traps are nigh,
One grip of your paw—and good luck, old sonny!
Remember—swear! now a last good-bye!"

XV.

He slipped away—and you'll guess my feelings
On looking round to see standing there,
Not only the old black horse I'd ridden,
But by his side Mr. Roy's blood mare!
So I rode back home by the track I'd travelled,
And reached the station well after dark,
Rejoiced that the mare was found—but saddened
To think of the future of Tommy Clarke.

OUR SYDNEY HARBOUR.

I.

WE were seated there together and were talking of the
weather,
And the sunshine we'd be having if it wasn't for the
rain ;
Whilst beside us sat a joker toying idly with the poker,
Who or what he was we knew not—he'd not troubled
to explain.

II.

All throughout our conversation he had sat in
meditation,
Blinking slowly at the fire like an antiquated bird ;
And despite our best endeavour he had sat there
without ever
Giving vent to what his views were by a sign or by a
word !

III.

So we left him in his glory, whilst Joe Murray told a
story
Of the idiots he had met with who had not a word
to say ;
But this masterly digression made no sort of an
impression
On the special idiot hinted at in such a friendly way.

IV.

So our conversation drifted, and by easy stages shifted
To the countries we had visited and places where we'd
 been ;
Each in eager tones declaring midst illuminating
 swearing,
That he'd seen some classy places such as none there
 had seen !

V.

" There's a spot," cried Tim O'Grady, " that knocks
 all the others shady,
I allood, o' course, to Rio, down in South Amerikee ;
And it makes yer mouth fair water—if it don't, by
 gum, it oughter,
'Cos it's just the sweetest spot that Natur' meant a
 cove to see !

VI.

There's no place in all creation with such gorjus
 vegetashun,
Well I know it, for I've been there, so there's nothin'
 more to say,
You can bet your bottom dollar it knocks every other
 holler,
With its hills and azure waters and its comprehensive
 bay."

VII.

Then the sleepy looking joker who'd been toyin' with
the poker,
Raised his eyes for a half a minute with a momentary
gleam,
And enriched the conversation with this idle observa-
tion—
“Have you seen our Sydney Harbour?”—then relapsed
into a dream.

VIII.

Well, I scarcely need to mention how this sudden
intervention,
Caused a flutter of excitement as we viewed him with
surprise;
But the tired looking joker, clinging fondly to the
poker,
Seemed to think the matter ended, as he closed his
sleepy eyes.

IX.

Then Jim Kelly interceded, and in eager language
pleaded
For the beauties of a harbour where in travels he had
been;
“It's the simple truth I'm statin', that of all the
captivatin'
Spots I know of, Naples licks all other beauties I have
seen.

X.

"Rio's not a patch upon it—you can put that in your bonnet,
"Mister Timothy O'Grady!" he asserted with a glare;
"I'm a weather-beaten rover, and the world I've travelled over
Without finding any sight with beauteous Naples to compare."

XI.

Then he laughed to see us blinking, as we sat there vainly thinking
For an answer, when the joker, who'd been sitting like a stone,
Saved an awkward situation by the mild ejaculation,
"Have you seen our Sydney Harbour?"—then subsided with a groan.

XII.

Then Jim Kelly, full of colic, spoke in language diabolic,
Hurling insults at the stranger who had dared to interfere;
But the object of his ire sat and gazed into the fire,
With the soulless blank expression of a man who doesn't hear.

XIII.

With a muttered imprecation, born of righteous indignation,
Jim glared once upon the stranger and turned growlingly away,
Whilst the sandy-haired Bill Bunning seized the chance to make the running,
And unmindful of the storm proceeded then to have his say.

XIV.

“ There’s a place I’d like to mention, if you’ll give me your attention,
It’s a place they call Colombo, in the island of Ceylon,
Where the East in all its glory tells its own entrancin’ story,
Faith, there’s nothing in the world so wondrous fair to gaze upon.

XV.

“ I’ve a taste for Nature’s beauty, and I’d fail to do my duty,
If I grant there’s any picture that’s its equal anywhere;
So I’ll say no more about it, for no connoisseur could doubt it ”—
“ Have you seen our Sydney Harbour? ” floated gently on the air.

XVI.

Then we rose in wrath together, for the cove had run
his tether,
And his darned reiteration choked our bosoms up with
spleen ;
Mad with righteous wrath and passion, we proceeded
in a fashion,
To make mincemeat of the joker who had dared to
intervene.

XVII.

Out of doors we wildly chased him, as we welted him
and laced him,
And we laughed to hear him running as he vanished
out of sight ;
But our language was appalling, as like some dim
echo falling,
“ Have you seen our Sydney Harbour ? ” floated faintly
through the night.

WHERE THE STARS ARE SHINING.

I.

The western breeze is sighing in a whisper soft and
low,
And the sandy bar is moaning as the breakers come
and go.
But my darling now is smiling as she waits for me, I
know,
Far up yonder where the stars are softly shining !

II.

From the scrub away behind me, I can hear the
plaintive cry
Of some night bird slowly winging to the far-off
western sky.
Will it bear a message for me to my darling up on
high ?
Where the gentle stars are ever softly shining.

III.

Will it tell her that I'm longing—how I'm longing for
the day,
When my spirit, freed for ever, bursts its weary bonds
of clay,
And speeds off to where she's waiting in that sweet
land far away,
Where the kindly stars are ever softly shining.

IV.

All around me like great spectres, grim and silent
shadows fall.
Oh! the world is full of shadows, and I'm weary of it
all!
But I'll see once more the sunshine, when I hear my
darling call
From that land where now the stars are softly shining.

V.

I'm getting old and weary, and the end is near, I
know.
Will my darling never call me? Hark, that music
soft, and low.
Can it be? Oh God, it is, for now she calls me and I
go
To meet her where the stars are softly shining!

WHAT A LIFE !

I.

Rising early with the dawn,
Feeling draggled and forlorn,
Messing round for grub to eat,
Damper, tea and leath'ry meat.
Cursing at the day a head,
Wishing you were snugly dead,
Heat, and sweat, and toil, and strife,
Lord—*what* a life !

II.

Riding from the day begun
'Neath a broiling, blazing sun,
Stock exhausted, nearly beat,
Not a blade of grass to eat.
Water holes all parched and dry,
Heifers lying down to die,
Trav'ling days with anguish rife,
Lord—*what* a life !

III.

Shepherding when things are bad,
Work enough to drive you mad :
Dogs won't work, oh luckless plight,
Cussed sheep do nothing right.

Wethers rush fresh feed to find,
Ewes and crawlers left behind,
Days of hopeless rage and strife,
Lord—*what* a life !

IV.

Shearing till you're stiff and sore,
Payment, four and six a score,
Practice seems no sort of use,
"Tomahawking" like the deuce !
Flies collect from near and far,
Sheep all hacked, and yells for tar,
Shears that slash 'em like a knife,
Crumbs—*what* a life !

V.

To the diggings off you go,
Spirits high, exchequer low,
Dig a hole five feet by two,
Blistered hands and backache too :
Bottom it, then have to drive,
Final exit, half alive.
Nuggets *nil*—alas poor wife !
Lord—*what* a life !

VI.

What! I'm never satisfied!
Well, the cove that said it lied!
Think of some high office stool,
Nine to five the daily rule!
Office stuffy, dark and bare,
Destitute of sun and air,
Roar of traffic, ghastly din,
'Buses clanking out and in,
Talk of life in cities: well—
Crimes—*what* a hell!

VICTOR TRUMPER.

I.

THERE'S a gintleman I'd spake of, Victor Trumper is
his name,
He's a striplin', but be jabers, he 's already known to
fame,
For to see the darlin' battin', well, it's simply just a
drame
When me Victor cocks his eye to take the bowlin' !

II.

Did ye see him in Ould England, in the year o' grace
'03 ?
It was just about the swatest sight a man could live to
see,
For he tuk iliven cinturies, the spalpeen, glory be !
'Twas tremenjous how me Victor flogged the bowlin'.

III.

He began wid poor ould Surrey, in a frindly sort o'
way ;
Then, thinks he, the bould Oxonians must be taught
me style o' play.
I'll resarve the M.C.C. to have me fun another day,
When I get me invitation to the bowlin'.

IV.

As I trate the bould Oxonians, so at Cambridge I
will do,
They're as innocint as babies, and I'll bate them black
and blue ;
And wid Essex, pore ould Essex, I'll remain a day or
two,
For I'm tould there's somethin' tasty in their bowlin'!

V.

So before his mighty powers fell the valiant and the
brave,
And full many a reputation found a most untoimely
grave,
As me Victor tramped the country, like a divastatin'
wave
Makin' 'ivry kind o' wreckage wid the bowlin'.

VI.

Oh! he's just a dandy batsman, he's a rajah, he's a
toff
Wid out any fancy feelin' for the "on" or for the
"off."
He just takes his bat, and thin, wid one apologetic
cough
Sets to work to play the divil wid the bowlin'.

VII.

Oh! its all Killarney to him, if they shoot, or if they
bump.
By me sowl I've sat and watched him till me heart wid
joy would thump,
Just to see the saucy darlin' hook 'em off the middle
stump
Wid contimptuous indiff'rence to the bowlin'.

VIII.

Misther Duff's a slashin' batsman tho' his figure's not
so tall,
And I hail the little hero wid his swate moustache
and all,
But there's no one at the wicket can the ladies' hearts
enthrall
Like me Victor when he starts to clump the bowlin'.

IX.

He's as modest as a daisy, and as gentle as can be,
So I take me hat off to him, wid this message frank
and free,
That his rivals in ould England think a match well
lost to see
Victor Trumper spind an hour wid their bowlin'.

THE BUSHMAN'S "HOME."

I.

I'VE a dreamy sort of notion that away across the
ocean,
Far across the rolling ocean, with its fuss, and fume,
and foam,
There's an island neat and tiny, washed on all sides
by the briny;
But a land we often talk of, and we always call it
"Home!"

II.

For I've read in song and story of the wonders and
the glory
That are packed within the compass of that tiny little
isle,
And I feel a sort of yearnin', to be up and homeward
turnin'
With the bush and all its hardships left behind me for
awhile.

III.

For they tell me that up yonder you can start and
slowly wander
Thro' a city where the houses stretch for miles on
either hand,
And you're safe to bet a "tanner" that you won't find
a "goanner" *
In what's called, in joke, the country in that funny
little land.

IV.

And the snakes are kept in cages, by a cove who earns
his wages,
Stuffin' rattlesnakes with rabbits; Lord, we've plenty
here to spare!
And no kangaroos go floppin' when you're out to do
your shoppin',
And you hear no yappin' dingoes in that island over
there!

V.

And they've got a King (God bless him!), and in royal
state they dress him,
With a crown and robes of ermine, when to Parliament
he goes—
Well, we've got a king out here, too, he's King Billy
of the Barcoo,
But he differs just a trifle, 'cos he never wears no
clothes.

* Iguana.

VI.

Oh, it's just a land of honey, food and drink and heaps
of money,
But our kinsmen who abide there, do they ever drop
a tear
For their children bravely fightin' 'gainst the odds
their hopes all blightin',
'Midst the hardships of this rough old tough old
nurs'ry over here.

VII.

And I often lie and wonder, as I listen to the thunder
Of the surges as they rattle on the silver tinted strand,
Whether, when the years are older, with my swag
upon my shoulder,
I shall board an outward vessel for that far off homely
land.

VIII.

Well! it's no use idly thinkin', with the stars above
me blinkin',
For, beyond the bush my luck may never destine me
to roam,
But my heart somehow seems lighter, and the days
seem ever brighter
When my thoughts go fondly flyin' to that dear old
distant "Home!"

THE MOUSMEE.

I.

She was standing 'neath the palm tree
As the sun was dropping down,
With a man who stood beside her
Looking tall, and big, and brown,
And the maiden's lips were parted
In a smile of glad surprise,
Whilst the tender love light sparkled
In her little almond eyes.

Yes, the sun was dropping down,
And the man was big and brown,
For he'd come to woo the maiden
From his far-off Sydney town—
And in all Japan that day,
Ne'er a maiden's heart so gay,
For she recked not of the ship
Whose lights were gleaming down the bay.

II.

Then he told her of the wonders
Of his land across the sea,
And the little maiden whispered
That it's there she longed to be!
But the big man pets her gently,
And she laughs in low reply;
For she recks not of the morrow,
And the coming sad good-bye.

Yes, good-bye is coming soon,
And the palm trees sing a tune,
And the far-off temple glistens
In the shimmer of the moon,
But the maid knows no dismay,
And she laughs to see the play
Of the ship whose lights are gleaming
In the distance down the bay.

III.

See, the palm tree rustles sadly
To the breezes sighing o'er,
And a little maid is sobbing
For the man who comes no more!
Oh! she feels so sad and lonely,
For her heart has sped away
With the ship whose lights are gleaming
Ever farther down the bay.

Yet she knew that he must go,
For her heart had told her so,
When he wooed her 'neath the palm tree,
In the moonlight's tender glow—
But she'll never more be gay
In her little Mousmee way,
For her heart has gone for ever
With that ship adown the bay!

THE SOUTHERN CROSS.*

I.

THE shadows of night fell around me
As I sat on the deck alone,
Whilst the song of the night wind echoed
Like the sound of a passing moan.

II.

And I looked, and saw in the distance
The gleam of a golden light
That shot from the far-off Heaven,
And pierced through the sombre night.

III.

'Twas the Southern Cross in its glory,
And my heart cried aloud with glee,
For I knew, 'neath the star's bright lustre
Was the land where we longed to be!

IV.

And I said in my soul's full gladness,
"Soon again we'll no longer roam;
For yon star with its golden lustre,
Is the star that will guide us home."

* Set to Music by GUSTAVE KERKER.

V.

As I looked from my startled vision,
The Southern Cross slowly did fade,
And my heart seemed to cease from throbbing,
And my spirit was sore afraid !

VI.

For there where the star had vanished
Another Cross gleamed in the sky,
'Twas the Cross where Christ in His anguish
Had chosen for sinners to die.

VII.

Not alone in the South was it gleaming,
But in North and in East and West,
And I knew 'twas the finger of Heaven,
That points to Eternal Rest !

HOW GEE.

I.

TWAS a heathen Chinee, which his name was How
Gee,
Who resided alone in the valley,
But the secret was out and had floated about,
That "he'd welly much likee to mally."

II.

Now this heathen Chinee was quite painful to see,
And the miners all scoffed at the notion,
That a girl of their race could annex such a face,
Or respond to his heathen devotion.

III.

But away down the creek, where the coach once a
week
Dropped the letters came one from Miss Barry,
To her friend Miss O'Toole, saying, "don't be a fool,
You've a chance now, me honey, to marry.

IV.

"There's a man called How Gee, who yer husband
will be,
If you're white, he's not askin' for beauty,
So now hurry, me pet, there's a chance for ye yet,
Just remember yer face, and yer duty."

V.

Then Miss Bess she arose, and she shook out her
clothes,
And says she to herself, "By the poker,
It's the bride I would be of this heathen How Gee,
So I'll up and be after me joker."

VI.

In an hour or more Bess appeared at the door
Of the Chinaman's hut in the valley,
And she tenderly smiled, with the blush of a child,
As she whispered, "You wishee to mally?"

VII.

In a minute 'twas done, and the vict'ry was won,
As the Chinaman cried, "Welly nicee,
You namee the day, and we'll hully away
To the Church, sweetee maid, and be splicee."

VIII.

When the news spread around that the Chinkie had
found

A bride, with much loud imprecation
The miners all swore that he'd "waller" in gore,
'Ere he wedded a girl of their nation.

IX.

But the gay Miss O'Toole was as stiff as a mule,
For said she, "Though he's ugly as Satan,
This heathen Chinee is the joker for me,
For a white man I'm tired o' waitin'.

X.

"Ye have all had yer chance, and ye've eyed me
askance,
And ye've laughed at the squint Nature gave me—
Well a squint it may be, but be jabbers, I see,
Me revenge, so be off now and lave me."

XI.

So the time slipped away, and to Church one fine day,
All the folk in the valley came streaming,
And excitement ran high, as with laugh in her eye,
Up the aisle tripped the bride, fat and beaming.

XII.

With the book in his hand then the priest took his
stand
At the rails, where the lady was waitin',
And he cried, "Where's your man, it's now time we
began,
If your nuptials I'd be celebratin'?"

XIII.

But no bridegroom appeared, and the miners all
leered,
As they playfully nudged one another,
Whilst poor Bess at the rails, biting hard at her nails,
Struggled wildly her feelings to smother.

XIV.

Then the priest cried, "It's late—just one minute I'll
wait,
And if there's no bridegroom appearin',
You may take it from me, there's no Mrs. How
Gee,
For I'll pack up me duds and be clearin'."

XV.

Then a voice spake aloud from the thick of the crowd,
"Father Priest, it's meself 'ull go through it,
If the lady'd be wed, she can have me instead,
I'm a man of me wurrd, and I'll do it."

XVI.

Then the priest took his book after givin' a look,
At the blush on the face of the lady,
And before you'd say knife, Bess O'Toole was the
wife
Of the red-headed Patsy O'Grady.

.

XVII.

Later on in the day as the Chinaman lay
On the floor of his hut in the valley,
Like a baby he cried, as his bonds they untied,
"Hullee up, I'll be latee to mally!"

XVIII.

Then with unction they told of the way he'd been
sold,
And a miner described how the lady,
Had gone at a run like a shot from a gun,
To the arms of the gallant O'Grady.

XIX.

Then that heathen Chineese, which his name was How
Gee,
Gently smiled in the face of the miner,
"Misse Bessie not kind—allee lite—never mind
Me got wiffee alleady in China!"

THE SUNDOWNER.

I.

AYE, old man, times have changed since we parted,
Life has led me a sorrowful dance—
When we met I could see how you started,
I don't wonder you eyed me askance—
Oh! I know I'm an object of pity,
Of scorn, of contempt—what you will—
But we've met in the bush, not the city,
Or you'd shun me more readily still!

II.

Yet in days that have long since departed,
We were comrades together at school,
You were clever, sincere, open-hearted,
I—well, less of a knave than a fool.
Yes, old man—oh you needn't remind me
Of chances I've had and I've lost,
For I know what I've left far behind me,
And to-day I am reaping the cost.

III.

Yes, the cost, for the night ends in weeping,
When the day has been dark with despair;

As I've sown, so the harvest I'm reaping,
A harvest all barren and bare.
From the first life's been only a blunder,
And now, as a last saving grace,
In the ranks of the many "gone under,"
They have found your old comrade a place!

IV.

Yes, of course, it's a woeful condition,
And you'll say that it's shocking, no doubt,
Well, old man, if there's aught in contrition,
There's been many a sin blotted out!
For the sun of my life is near setting,
And tho' callous and hard I have grown,
God knows! I've not ceased from regretting
The dreams that have faded and flown.

V.

You'll tell me, of course, that it's drivel
For one such as I to regret;
Well, I don't mean to whimper or snivel,
There's some manliness left in me yet!
But the sight of your face sets me grieving
For times that are faded and dead,
As I think of the days past retrieving,
And the joys of the life we once lead.

VI.

Well, I've paid the full measure of sorrow,
Which is just—I've no right to complain—
But there's always a chance on the morrow,
Tho' to-day may be darkened with pain.
And somehow in the joy of the meeting
With you, my old comrade of yore,
My heart with new promise is beating,
And Hope springs Eternal once more!

VII.

I'm a broken sundowner, old fellow,
Who has sunk neath the waves of life's sea ;
I've a face that is wrinkled and yellow,
I'm a wreck of the man I should be !
But for sake of the past and its glory,
Don't let my appeal be in vain ;
Just forget my old pitiful story,
And give me your hand once again !

A BRUSH WITH THE BLACKS.

I.

ANOTHER shepherd murdered, it's the fifth that we have
lost

At the hands of these same beggars, but they've now
to pay the cost.

Five good shepherds in a month—well, Mr. Sergeant
you'll agree,

That's a bit too big a mouthful for the likes o' you
and me.

II.

Just you fetch along your troopers, and we'll get upon
their track,

They are making for the ranges, but we've time to
head them back.

Wait a jiff and I'll come with you, we can start then
straight away,

And perchance we'll catch the beggars ere the closing
of the day.

III.

Tell you all about poor Thompson, well, we found him
lying dead,
Crushed to pulp by nullah—nullahs near the dried-up
river bed;
He'd been kneading out a damper on a slab of stringy
bark,
And 'twas there they'd crept upon him, and had clubbed
him in the dark.

IV.

What's the number of your troopers? Only five!
Well, that must do,
Arthur Richmond means to join us, and with him,
and me and you,
We'll be eight all told, a number that will serve our
ends no doubt,
And with any sort of luck we ought to wipe the
beggars out.

V.

Hallo! here's your camp, just tell them that we've
little time to waste,
Though I'm thinking that this job is one just suited
to their taste,
It's their kinsmen they are after, which will give a
double zest,
For of pleasures, killing kinsmen is the joy they love
the best.

VI.

"Hi there, Pompey! round up Yarroman, look lively,
plenty quick!
Youi, Marmy! That's right, Sergeant, you're the man
to do the trick;
Hallo, Arthur, dear old fellow, trim and ready for the
fray,
You're a trump to come and join us, we shall want
your help to-day."

VII.

"Now then, Sergeant, horses ready! Well, we'll turn
and hurry back
To the spot where he was murdered, you can then
inspect the track,
From the footprints near the body they're a fairly
tidy mob,
And the tracking for your fellows will be quite an
easy job."

* * * * *

VIII.

It was truth I spoke—eh! Sergeant? We've been
going at the trot
From the moment that we started, gad, the sun is
pretty hot,
Not a check for half a minute and—Oh! what was
that I said?
See the wall of solid brigalow that stretches out
ahead!

IX.

There's old Pompey making signal! Well, my lad,
and what's the row?
Oh, you think that they're divided, that they're in two
parties now,
Right you are! We'll make a circuit of the brigalow,
whilst you
With the others of your fellows now dismount and
burrow through.

X.

See, the sun is sinking low behind the range, and if
to-day
We don't come upon the beggars, they'll be sure to
slip away,
Gad, it's been a trying journey and I'm ready for my
grub,
Hallo! there's the open country, thank the stars we've
flanked the scrub.

XI.

Once we round the corner yonder, there is not the
smallest doubt
That we'll catch them in the open, if our boys can
drive them out,
But they'll have a job to do it, as their numbers are
so few.
Why, what was that? a shot! Hurrah, my lads,
there's work to do.

XII.

Now lay down to it, my merry lads, and give your
spurs free play,
We shall have to ride like blazes, or the mob will slip
away,
Hurrah! they've broken cover—see, they're going at
the run,
For they know there'll be a reckoning before the day
is done.

* * * * *

XIII.

Phew! thank God that chapter's ended, and we've
hewn them hip and thigh.
'Twas a sorry business, Sergeant, but the beggars had
to die;
Five poor shepherds in a month; well, Sergeant, I
appeal to you!
For the safety of the white folk, why, what else was
there to do?

THROUGH THE SMOKE HAZE.

I.

WITH pipe in mouth in an armchair sitting,
My senses lulled by the firelight's blaze,
I can see the forms of the club men flitting,
Like shadows dim thro' the smoky haze;
And I hear their voices in whispers falling,
Like echoes sad from the past recalling
The memories sweet of those times enthralling,
When I lived in the old colonial days.

II.

As the scenes of old with their mem'ries thronging,
Steal out once more from the faded past,
My thoughts fly back with an eager longing
To the joys of a life too sweet to last!
And I crave one breath of the breezes plying
O'er the gullies deep when the day is dying,
And the scent of the wattle softly sighing,
And the sound of the torrent rushing past.

III.

Aye, the heart was young in those days of wonder,
When the pulses beat to a mad refrain
With the blue sky o'er and the green world under,
What thought of the winter mist and rain ?
For the future gleamed with a golden lining,
And the sun in the far-off heaven was shining,
Courageous ever and unrepining,
Men rose and fell—and then rose again !

IV.

Yes, they rose again for the lust of striving
For ever burned in each tireless frame,
Unconquered, staunch, and ever contriving,
They wrestled with torrent, drought and flame ;
And they onward swept, like the mighty ocean,
Advancing with ever resistless motion,
As, facing the odds, with a grand devotion
They struggled, faltered, then overcame !

V.

And those friends of mine, do they still remember
The joys those days ever held in store ;
And tho' June has turned to a bleak December,
Do they want me still as in days of yore ?

Do they ever guess how my heart is grieving,
For the dear dead days that are past retrieving,
As I sit by the fire in fancy weaving
The faded scenes of our lives once more.

VI.

The sun of our days is slowly falling,
And sinking low in the crimson west,
And the voices sweet of the dead are calling,
And life creeps on to Eternal Rest;
But the future waits with its hidden story,
And whether the days be sad or hoary,
Or tinged each hour with a golden glory,
I shall love those bygone days the best!

MIST ON THE RIVER.

I.

MIST on the river, silent, dank and chill
Seen through the waning light,
Hillside and meadow, tender leaf and flower
Clad in a stoll of light ;
Mist on the river, but above, a star
Piercing the sombre night.

II.

So, through the dark'ning haze of doubt and fear,
Shading Life's troubled sea,
One star gleams bright for ever through the gloom
Shining eternally ;
Fades the cold mist beneath the radiant glow
Of my soul's love for thee !

THEN—AND NOW.

I.

WILL you e'er forgive me, Molly,
Will you e'er forget, my dear,
All the sorrow that I've caused you
Since the falling of the year;
When I brought you from a far land,
And the home you loved so well
To the toil, and gloom, and hardship
Of this sun-dried, blazing hell.

II.

Ah! I know what you are thinking,
And the words that you would say;
You would whisper that you love me
Tho' the skies be blue or grey!
Aye—thank God—I know it, darling,
But I sometimes wonder how
Love that glowed so brightly then, dear,
Can be aught but ashes now.

III.

Do you call to mind that evening,
 In old England far away,
 When we talked of all the future
 That before us brightly lay?
 How we'd seek the wondrous glories
 Of that land across the sea,
 And our hearts thrilled at the promise
 Of the golden days to be!

IV.

And at sea—those starlit evenings
 When together, hand in hand,
 We would gaze in silent wonder
 For that far-off promised land.
 And the joy that thrilled us, darling,
 When to greet us, far ahead,
 Shone a golden gleam of welcome
 From the light on Sydney Head!

V.

Then the long up-country journey,
 With its sights so new and strange,
 And the merry miles we travelled
 Over down, and creek, and range—

Merry, aye—for little recked we
Was not care for ever dead?
With our eager pulses throbbing
To the joys that lay ahead!

VI.

Oh! the magic of that moment,
And the gladness that we knew,
When at last our journey ended,
And the homestead came in view!
How it smiled a loving welcome
As the golden day was done;
How the sweet verandah creepers
Glowed beneath the setting sun.

VII.

Ah! whatever times are now, dear,
Those first days—how sweet they were!
Life seemed just a world of roses
Made for you and me to share,
As we heard the distant sougling
Of the fragrant wattle trees,
And the lowing of the cattle
That came floating on the breeze.

VIII.

Aye, the work was hard and toilsome,
 But when hearts are ever light,
 All the darker side of fortune
 Seems to vanish out of sight,
 And there *were* some golden moments
 What could keep our spirits down?
 When the first two thousand wethers
 Started on the road to town.

IX.

Then our journey down to Sydney,
 When the work up here was done,
 And the merry days at Randwick,
 And the dances and the fun,
 Till worn out with endless pleasures,
 All our thoughts would gladly veer
 To our dear up-country station,
 And the homestead waiting here.

X.

But those days with all their gladness
 Are long numbered with the past;
 It were vain our idle dreaming
 That such happiness could last.

But—God knows—we've seen the picture
That the other side can show,
And the crowning cup of sorrow
We have learnt since then to know.

XI.

For we've witnessed all around us
Vegetation slowly die
'Neath the scorching devastation
Of a clear and cloudless sky!
Not a breath from any quarter
Save the grim north-western breeze,
Like a blast from some fell oven
Humming loudly through the trees.

XII.

All the cattle dead or famished,
With the eagle hawk on high,
Grimly waiting for the moment
For some wretched beast to die.
Roots of grass, and bark of timber,
Dried to matchwood—and the leaves
Falling fast, and swiftly whirling
At the mercy of the breeze.

XIII.

And our feelings as we watched it ;
 Words of mine can never tell,
 How we gazed to south and eastward
 For some breeze to break the spell.
 Day by day, no change to cheer us
 As the cursed drought went on,
 Till at last all hope within us
 Seemed for ever lost and gone !

XIV.

Then the horror of that moment,
 When across the river bed,
 We beheld the far horizon
 In a blaze of sullen red.
 How the terror-stricken cattle
 Roared and bellowed in their fear,
 As they saw the belt of fire
 Like a crimson wall draw near !

XV.

On and on in fury raging,
 Full a mile in width it came,
 Reeds and vegetation slaying
 With its devastating flame.

How we fought it and we conquered,
It were idle now to tell,
But the horror of those hours,
In our thoughts will ever dwell !

XVI.

Well, those days of desolation
We must struggle to forget,
For the glowing sun our pathway
May perchance illumine yet.
All the hopes that once we cherished,
And the dreams that once were ours,
May yet ripen into being,
In the coming golden hours.

XVII.

Aye, perchance the coming hours
May with golden sunshine glow,
But, my dear, what e'er betakes us,
This our hearts will ever know,
That the love which has sustained us,
When the skies were dull and grey,
Will abide with us for ever,
Till the closing of life's day.

THE YOUNGER SON.

I.

ONLY a younger scion
Of a proud and ancient race,
With blood as blue as heaven,
And a decent sort of face.
Whose learning in Australia,
Out on a cattle run,
Exactly what's the meaning,
Of a pauper younger son !

His blood is blue as heaven,
His tribe is Vere de Vere,
But he'd sell the lot for a foaming pot
Of faked Colonial beer.

II.

At home they didn't want him,
A younger son was he,
And so his parents took him,
And shipped him over sea.
With choking sobs they left him,
And eyes all blurred and dim,
And then went home to chuckle,
" Thank God ! we're rid of him ! "

III.

And so this younger scion .
Lands on Australia's shore,
And learns of many wonders
He'd never known before.
He learns that streets aren't gold dust,
That men aren't here for fun,
That kicks and knocks are waiting,
The pauper younger son !

IV.

Soon on a run you'll find him,
And doing what he can,
He works like any navvy,
He turns to like a man.
And sometimes when he's toiling,
Beneath the blazing sun,
He wonders why they sent him,
A pauper younger son.

V.

I've met this younger scion,
Out on the cattle run,
I've heard the things he's uttered,
When the day's work was done.
I've heard his lively curses,
When in the *Mail* he's read,
How at home his noble brother
To Lady Jane was wed !

VI.

He's got no fine ambition,
That left him long ago,
To fill his yawning stomach,
Is all that he can know.
And when he's got some money,
He doesn't wait to think,
But seeks the nearest township
And "busts" the lot in drink!

VII.

And oh! this younger scion
Could drink a river dry,
It's the only pleasure left him,
And can you wonder why!
He'll drink until he's silly,
And think it gorgeous fun,
And then crawl home to whisper,
"God help the younger son!"
Whose blood's as blue as heaven,
But whose time is drawing near,
When the wind will weep o'er the last sad sleep,
Of the younger Vere de Vere.

THE STOCKRIDER.

I.

Long and lean and wiry,
Hollow cheeked and brown,
Bushbred and he stays there,
Wants no bloomin' town ;
Got no city manners,
Couldn't if he tried !
Watch him in the saddle,
See the beggar ride !

II.

Hear him telling stories,
Yarns of long ago ;
See him with the children
Laughing soft and low.
Just a great big baby,
Mouth all gaping wide,
Fetch along a raw 'un,
See the beggar ride !

III.

Watch his big eyes moisten
Then light up with fun,
Reading verses writ by
Bartie Paterson.
Swears by good old Bartie
'Way down Sydney side,
Says *he* knows the biz'ness
He knows how to ride—

IV.

Hear the beggar singing
Songs of dreadful woe,
Telling how his Mother
Left him long ago ;
Hear his cracked voice shaking
Droning how she died ;
Stop the beggar squalking,
Shove him up to ride !

V.

Watch him after cattle,
When there's work to do,
Mother, home, forgotten
Tea and damper too !

See his white teeth gleaming,
Taking in his stride
Rocks and fallen timber—
Lord, to see him ride :

VI.

Mark the maddened brumby
Bucking all he knows ;
See the grim-faced rider,
Blood from ears and nose ;
Never yet buckjumper,
Bound in hair and hide
Knows the trick to shift him !
Gosh, to see him ride !

VII.

Hear him in the ranges
Make the stockwhip crack,
Racing down the gullies
Straight to hell and back,
Hear the flint stones rattle
Down the mountain side,
Hold your breath and wonder—
That's the way to ride !

VIII.

Talk of yelling Cossack
Riding on his head !
See the thing he rests on,
Bloomin' four-post bed !
Clever tricks for children !
That can't be denied ;
Send him to Australia
There he'll learn to ride !

IX.

Just a stalwart giant
Standing six foot two,
Simple as a baby,
Loyal, staunch and true ;
Put him in the saddle
Hear the world decide,
" Hats off to the Master,
He's the boy to ride !"

SAD IS THE LIFE.

I.

SAD is the life that has sped its way,
Unmoved by joy or sorrow,
When the cold grey light of the dull to-day
Is the light of the dull to-morrow !
Sadder the heart when it hopes in vain,
For the love that it craves to cherish,
As the bright morn ends in a misty rain,
And the hopes are doomed to perish.

II.

Saddest the heart that has known the bliss,
The sweetest of life's bestowing,
When the pulse has throbbed to the loved one's kiss
And eyes into eyes were glowing.
Oh ! for the light of that summer day,
The lone heart cries for ever,
But an echo comes from the far away,
Never ! Oh never ! never !

THE BANK MANAGER.

I.

At last I've got promotion
After years of endless grind,
And I've now a cheery notion
That I've cast my cares behind.
For I've got a real good billet
As a manager to be,
And the way a man should fill it,
My Directors soon shall see !

II.

Oh ! the weary years I've waited,
For the luck that never came
Oh ! the dreary hours fated
To be ever just the same !
But the wheel of fortune turning
Has effaced the gloomy past,
And the job for which I'm yearning,
Has been offered me at last !

III.

Up the country I am going,
To a township trim and gay,
When the population's growing,
In a most surprising way,
And they tell me that my chances
Are no less than simply grand,
And that life a sweet romance is,
In that far-off country land.

IV.

For they say the country's splendid,
Hills and valleys, fresh and fair,
Waving downs for miles extended,
Gorgeous skies, delicious air—
Health, and wasted years retrieving,
Oh ! what happiness I'll find,
Now the day has come for leaving
This dull city left behind !

V.

Yes—thank God—at last I'm quitting,
This old city dull and grey,
And with joyous heart am flitting
To a township far away,

Life once more with hope is glowing,
Oh ! what visions fair I see,
Of the town to which I'm going,
Where a manager I'll be !

.

VI.

Just behind the ranges sinking
I can see the crimson sun,
As I sit here idly thinking
Now that office work is done—
Thinking grimly of the stories
That had held me in a vice,
Ere I sampled all the glories
Of this country Paradise.

VII.

For I'm bound to make confession,
As I sit and gaze below ;
I'm consumed with a depression
That I never used to know !
For this town in which I'm dwelling,
And I say it from my soul !
Is beyond all power of telling
Just a God-forsaken hole !

VIII.

One long street without a turning
Constitutes this township grand ;
Sandy soil all black and burning,
Houses few on either hand,
Here and there a bushman stalking,
Pipe in mouth, adown the street ;
Bullock drivers idly talking
With what friends they chance to meet.

IX.

Then the dreary desolation
As I wait the long day through,
In the hopeless expectation
Of some business to do.
All alone from early morning
Till the evening shadows fall,
There I stand, depressed and yawning,
Clerk, and manager, and all !

X.

Then the bright surprise that meets you
In this country, new and grand,
When one day a sportsman greets you
With revolver in hand !

And proceeds to idly mention
That your safe you'd best undo,
Otherwise his gay intention
Is to plug you through and through.

XI.

Yes, they told me that my chances
They could readily extol,
And that life a sweet romance is
In this God-forsaken hole !
But I mean to roll my bed up,
And back Sydney-wards to gee,
For as " Manager " I'm fed up :
" Clerk " is good enough for me !

BUSH BRED.

I.

You may talk about the horses that are found on
racing courses,
And the speed at which they gallop under biting whip
and spur ;
Well, although they sling the gravel at the pace at
which they travel,
“ Leggy gallopers,” I call ‘em, and they can’t compare
with *her* !

II.

Oh, she’s just a little wonder, and she’s never yet gone
under
‘Neath the weight of all the journeys, and the loads
she’s had to bear,
But she’s got the right blood in her—for her sire was
old Corinna,
And the grand-dam she can boast of was a little Timor
mare.

III.

She was weedy when I bought her, but when once my
eye had caught her,
I determined then to have her, without aid of friendly
vet.,
For I guessed that from her fettle she'd the proper
blood and mettle ;
So I chanced it, and the bargain's one I never shall
regret.

IV.

For that very day from morning, all fatigue and labour
scorning,
Like a heroine she bore me, till the stars came peeping
through.
Me a fourteen-three stone sinner, and she'd still a kick
left in her
When she'd finished ; she a pony, and her height just
fourteen two.

V.

Sixty miles and not yet beaten ! and the only thing
she'd eaten
Was the scanty grass she'd picked up on the run the
night before ;
Can't you fancy some swell racer being called upon to
face a
Journey less than half the distance on a feed of grass,
no more !

VI.

She has manners of a lady, and is gentle as a baby
With the courage of a lion, when you put her to the
test,
And if hard's the task you set her, well, she'll like it
all the better.
Oh! of all the brute creation, she's the one I love the
best.

VII.

Many times when after cattle have I heard the gibbers'
rattle,
As we've galloped down the ranges with their sides
just like a wall,
But she's just a little wonder, and she's scarcely made
a blunder,
And never since I've had her has she given me a fall.

VIII.

Yes, my little mare I'm proud of, and although you
prate aloud of
Leggy gallopers at monkey weights, this sentiment I
hold
That I'd rather have my treasure, bless her heart, than
boast the pleasure
Of possessing as my own the finest racer ever foaled.

A SERENADE.

I.

CAN'ST thou not tell that I am waiting
Till thou, my love, shalt hither come.
Can'st thou not guess my heart's pulsating ;
Wilt thou, my love, not hither come ?
Life without thee is fraught with sadness,
Hope in the distance fades away,
Like some bright star to welcome gladness,
Say, wilt thou come, my darling, say ?

II.

See how the boughs are lightly swaying
As falls the sweet and silent dew,
Each to the other softly saying
Vows of true love, as I to you !
Come, for my life is sad and lonely,
Rest thou upon my beating heart,
Come, for my love is for thee only,
Fondly beloved as thou art.

THE SELECTION.

I.

I SUPPOSE I've no grounds for dejection,
I'm earning my lodging and grub
On a place that they call a selection,
A heaven of gullies and scrub.
Experience rough I am gaining
In the life that I've callously sought,
Conversational powers are waning,
But I've plenty of leisure for thought.

II.

Yes, I've plenty of leisure for thinking
As home, by the old beaten way
I stroll 'neath the stars shyly blinking
Worn out at the close of the day—
But I know that the kettle is steaming
And the fire will cheerily blaze
As I sit in my hut idly dreaming
Of life and its wonderful ways.

III.

Years ago, in my fancy deluded,
I dreamt of a future of fame,
Of a lifetime of glory concluded
In loud and triumphal acclaim !
My name with the names of the sages
Should be linked in a union sublime,
And my deeds echo loud thro' the ages
And live thro' the fulness of time.

IV.

I was young in those days, and the leaven
Of youth set my pulses aglow,
To my fancy life then was a heaven
And the future new glories would show—
Well to dreamers must come the awaking
To life's stern and pitiless glare,
And e'en though our eyes may be aching
We can laugh at the dreams that were there.

V.

We can laugh—for what use is the dwelling
On deeds that we longed to have done,
The sum of our works needs no telling
For vain is the race we have run—
What use is an outburst of sorrow
For dreams that have faded and fled !
Let us think of the joys of to-morrow
Forgetting the days that are dead.

VI.

Aye—there's little to gain in regretting
The paths where our feet might have strayed,
And with tears of remorse ever wetting
The grave where ambition is laid;
For the voice of the bushland is calling
And waking the laggard anew,
And the breeze wafts a message enthralling,
Of work for the valiant to do.

VII.

Yes, work—for from day's first beginning
When the sweetness of dawn gilds the sky
There is precious small leisure for sinning
In wasting the moments that fly;
For with draining, and fencing, and clearing,
The hours of life speed away,
With each moment the glory of nearing
One's rest at the close of the day.

VIII.

Aye, it's not a bad place this selection,
For there's no one to see or to care
If I sometimes give way to dejection
And my heart cries aloud with despair—
I must labour alone and unaided
With the hours of life ebbing fast,
Till at length when the twilight has faded
Comes the rest that I long for at last!

THE COVE AS WEARS A BEARD.

I.

THERE'S an absent-minded beggar, Tommy Atkins is
his name,

Of whose praises you have heard the poets sing ;
But don't forget that other whose a man of equal fame
And who's never failed his country or his King—
He's a breezy sort of beggar, with a baggy coat of
blue

He's a cove as wears a beard, and on occasion swears
a few,

But by the livin' Jingo, if there's nasty work to do
He's there or thereabouts is Johnny Seaman.

Chorus.

Sailor Man ! Sailor Man ! Kindly-hearted Sailor Man,
Man who's made old England Queen and Empress
of the Sea,

Sailor Man ! Sailor Man ! Noble-hearted Sailor Man,
Here's to you—Jack in blue—with three times three.

II.

He's a breezy sort of beggar and it ain't no odds to
him

Whether fightin' on the briny or ashore,
When at sea he's done a killin', it's his funny little
whim

Just to land and hunt around to find some more.
If you ever chance to meet him, when off duty for the
day,

He's as simple as a baby with a most endearin' way,
But by the livin' Jingo, you may bet there's hell to
pay,

When you give the word to "go" to Johnny
Seaman.

Chorus.

Sailor Man! Sailor Man! etc.

III.

He's as simple as a baby and he doesn't make a fuss
Of the work he's ever done for England's fame,
He's a breezy minded beggar and he doesn't care a
cuss

For the constantly applaudin' of his name.
There's a little word called "dooty" makes his loyal
blood to flow,
It's a word the hero Nelson taught his father long
ago,

So if England says there's trouble, and she's wanting
him to go,

He makes no bones but goes does Johnny
Seaman.

Chorus.

Sailor Man ! Sailor Man ! etc.

IV.

Now the absent-minded beggar is a hero born and
bred,

He's a hero, that's the only word to say,

But don't forget the Sailor Man who always goes
ahead,

To sweep the seas of them that block the way.

He's a cove as wears a beard, and when on shore will
have his fling,

But he's just the finest fighting cuss, the fighting
world can bring,

And he loves his dear old country and adores his
gracious King,

So God bless and ever guard you, Johnny
Seaman.

Chorus.

Sailor Man ! Sailor Man ! etc.

THE CALL OF THE BUSH.

I.

THERE'S a homestead sleeping softly in the shadow of
the hill,

In a land where the gum trees grow,

And at summer time when roses all the little garden
fill,

Comes a whisper floating citywards that sets our
hearts a thrill,

Crying, come you to the bushland and the rocky
range and rill,

For the homestead lights are glowing, and the wattle
rustles still

In the south where the soft winds blow.

Oh come you to the bushland, the bushland, the
bushland,

Oh come you to the bushland, its a journey far from
town,

And you shall see the sights that wait to greet you
in the bushland,

Oh come you to the bushland ere the year dies
down !

II.

There are paddocks where the grasses wave and
shimmer in the sun,

In that land where the skies are blue ;

And from far off, like an echo, all adown the sleepy run,

Comes the lowing of the cattle with the blush of day
begun,

Music sweet that lasts through sunshine till the laugh-
ing day is done,

And the tinkle of the bells—oh, sweeter chorus there
is none

In the south where the hearts are true.

Oh come you to the bushland, the bushland, the
bushland,

Oh come you to the bushland, and you'll ne'er go
back to town,

The cattle bells are tinkling a sweet message from
the bushland,

Oh come you to the bushland ere the year dies
down!

III.

Golden days amidst the ranges with our comrades
firm and true,

In that land where the mopoke calls ;

Riding hard and bending low beneath the silent boughs
that grew

Scarce an inch above us! riding whilst the hissing
pebbles flew

Far behind us! oh, those gallops, and the glory that
we knew

As we raced through scrub and timber—madd'ning
hours but all too few,

In a land that the heart enthrals !

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